

GROVE-HILL,

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM,

WITH

AN ODE TO MITHRA.



Gal g. V. e

GROVE - HILL,

N.

A Descriptive Poem,

WITH

AN ODE TO MITHRA,

BY THE

AUTHOR OF INDIAN ANTIQUITIES.

Thomas Chatterice



The Engravings on Copper by J. Anderson, from Drawings by G. Samuel.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY,

FOR JOHN AND ARTHUR ARCH, GRACECHURCH-STREET,
AND J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY.

1799.

1



P R E F A C E.



THE Author of the following Poem, whilst on a visit at Grove-Hill, was so struck with the interesting scenery and beautiful landscapes which that villa and its vicinity presented to his view, as to have an instantaneous desire excited in his mind to express the sentiments he felt in poetry. If similar sensations should be awakened in the mind of the reader, on his perusal of these pages; if he shall be fortunate enough to have diverted a weary, or cheered a melancholy, hour, he will not think the small portion of time and labour, spent in composing them, misapplied.

P R E F A C E.

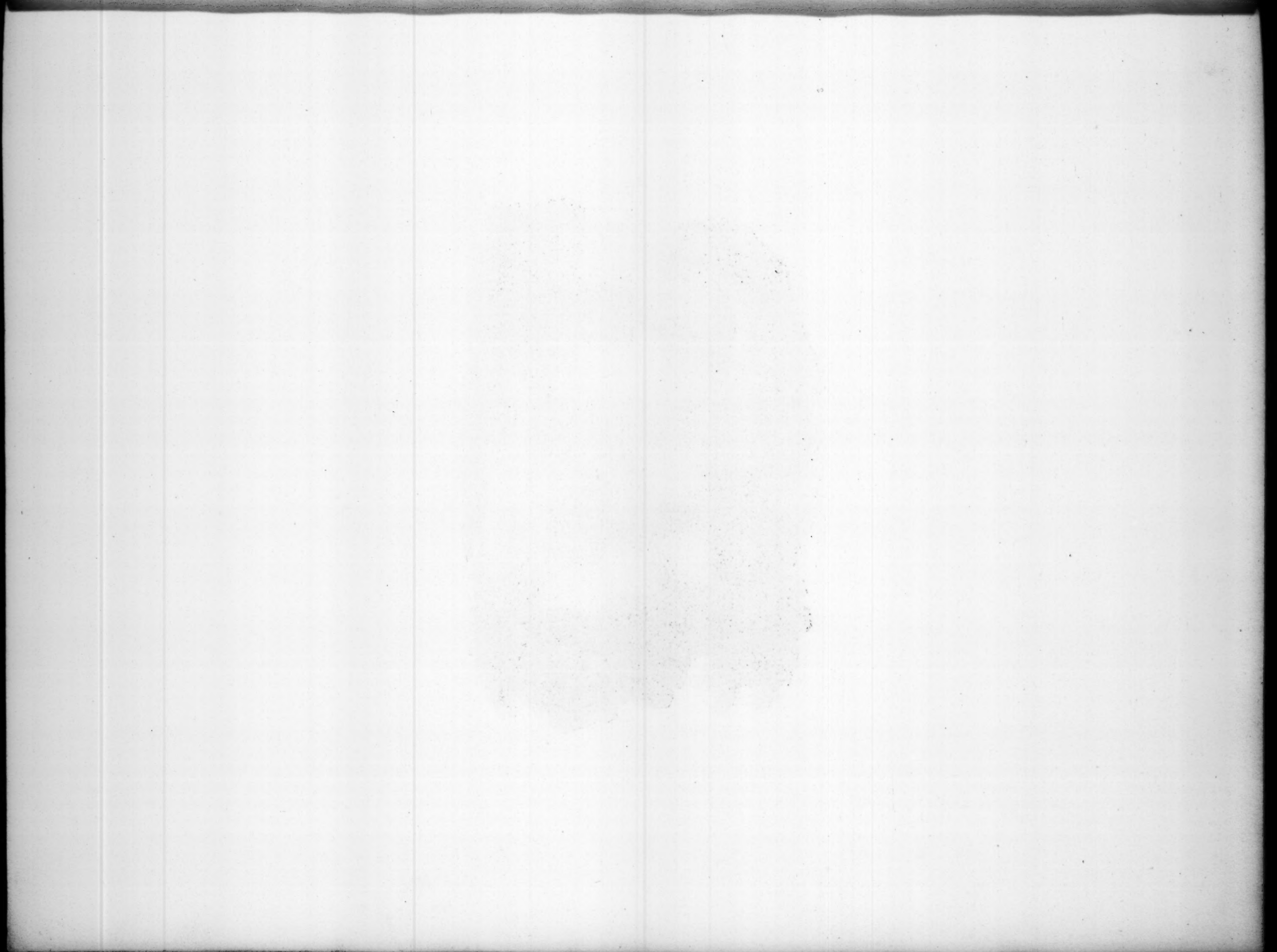
For the repeated introduction of the name of the proprietor of this delightful spot, without his permission, he has to plead, as an apology to that gentleman and to the public, the dictates of rooted esteem, and the partialities of grateful friendship.

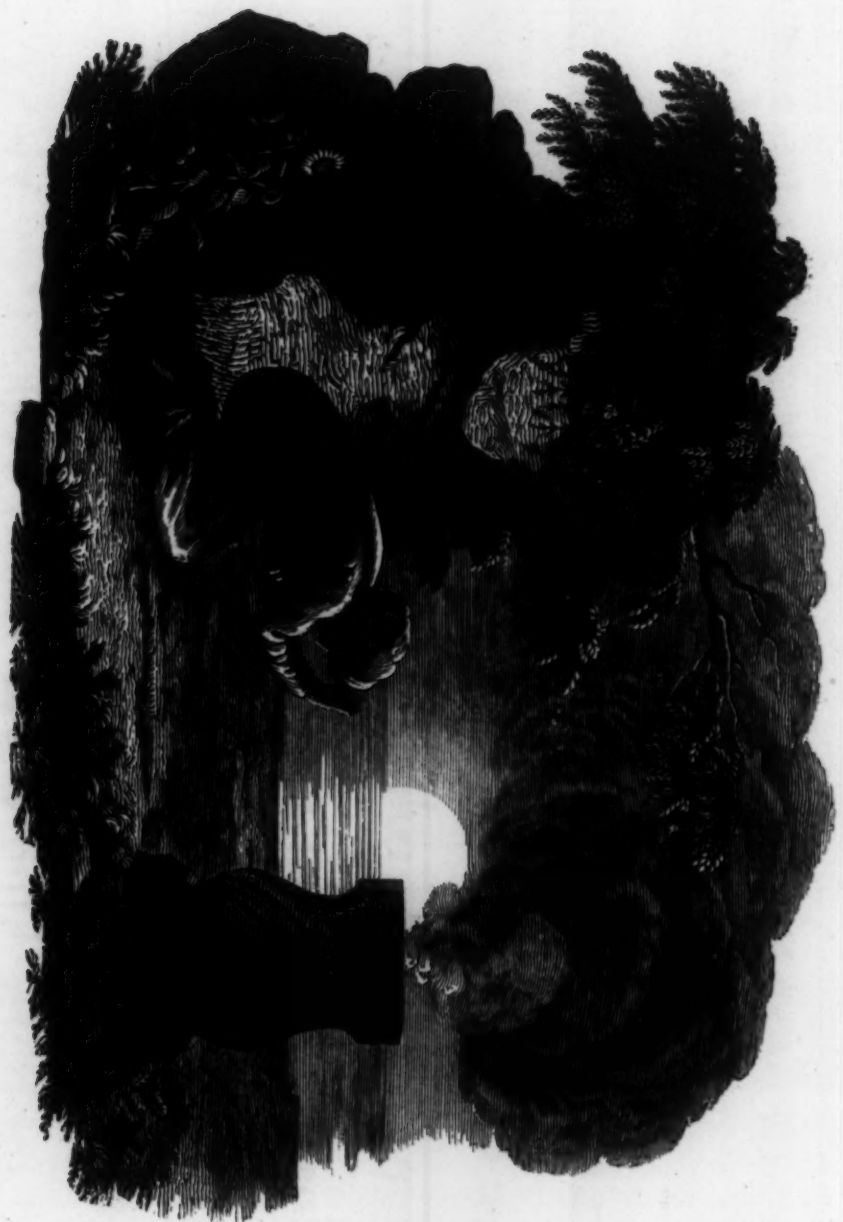
The anxious desire of a few friends to see the Ode to Mithra in a better garb than that in which it has hitherto appeared, has occasioned its being added to the descriptive Poem; and it is accompanied, through the liberality of the Proprietor of Grove-Hill, with such embellishments as must fully gratify their obliging predilection in favour of that juvenile effusion.

ARGUMENT.

Address to the Deity, dictated by a general view of Grove-Hill, and the circumjacent country, from that romantic elevation.—Rapid sketch of the principal objects which attract notice during a survey of Grove-Hill Villa.—The Grove leading to the House described; the catastrophe of George Barnwell leads to moral reflections, in which the pains and danger attending avarice and ambition are contrasted with the pleasures resulting from domestic virtue and diffusive benevolence in the greater circle of society.—The medical character stated to afford a more extensive opportunity than any other for the operation of that benevolence.—The Garden, House, and Library, respectively described.—The Museum.—The Lawn, and symbolic sculpture of Hygeia repelling the Fates.—The almost boundless landscape seen from the Turret, comprehending views of London, Deptford, Woolwich, and Greenwich, and of a fleet from India sailing up the river;—including also strictures on the important use of the TELEGRAPH, of which not less than three are seen from Grove-Hill, often at work together.—The Arbutum, and Cupid sleeping.—The Observatory, or Temple of the Sybils, with an apostrophe to the genius of Ferguson; whose philosophical apparatus is repositied in it.—The Apiary, the numerous hives in which are distinguished by the names of the different kingdoms of the world.—Shakespeare's Walk.—The Cottage, Fountain, and Reservoir.—The Conclusion.







GROVE - HILL;

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM.



"THESE are thy glorious works," Almighty Sire!
Whose Spirit warms us in the solar fire,
In their vast orbits rolls the ponderous spheres,
And leads in radiant march the circling years.

"These are thy glorious works," Almighty King!
Thus to their golden harps rapt seraphs sing;
While mortals, kindling as those works they view,
Through earth's wide range the incessant theme renew;
From glowing realms, where brahmin seers prolong,
To day's refulgent orb, the matin song,
And, as the altar's hallow'd flame ascends,
In its full blaze the prostrate Persian bends;

B

To the deep gloom of Lapland's frozen shore,
Whose shivering sons the transient beam adore,
And, half the annual circle plung'd in night,
Hail the bright *current* for the Source of light.

NATURE herself, exulting in the ray,
That pours through all her depths unbounded day,
Bursts into song; while now, returning Spring;
Borne on the balmy zephyr's fragrant wing,
Like a young beauteous bride, from orient bowers,
Sparkling with dewy gems, and crowned with flowers;
Hastes to her favourite isle, and round her pours,
In rich profusion, health's exhaustless stores;
But in this lofty GROVE triumphant reigns,
And decks, with choicest gifts, the laughing plains.

Where'er around I turn my wondering sight,
New objects crowd, and wake increased delight;
Here sheets of living verdure charm the eye;
There glow rich tints that with the Tyrian vie.
Now, the gay garden with its varied sweets,
My raptured sense, a blooming Eden, greets:

Now from the turret's height my eager glance
I roll delighted o'er the vast expanse:

Now range yon ample lawn's luxuriant swell,
Or pensive wander down yon shadowy dell;
Or in the cool of eve's declining beam,
Seek the sweet cottage and its spacious stream;
While soft around the genial zephyr blows,
And murmuring waters sooth me to repose.

Where shall the song begin, since every place
Invites alike, and beams with rival grace?

From scene to scene the muse bewildered flies,
While all Elysium floats before her eyes.

Such mingled transports our grand parent knew,
When nature's charms first met his wondering view;

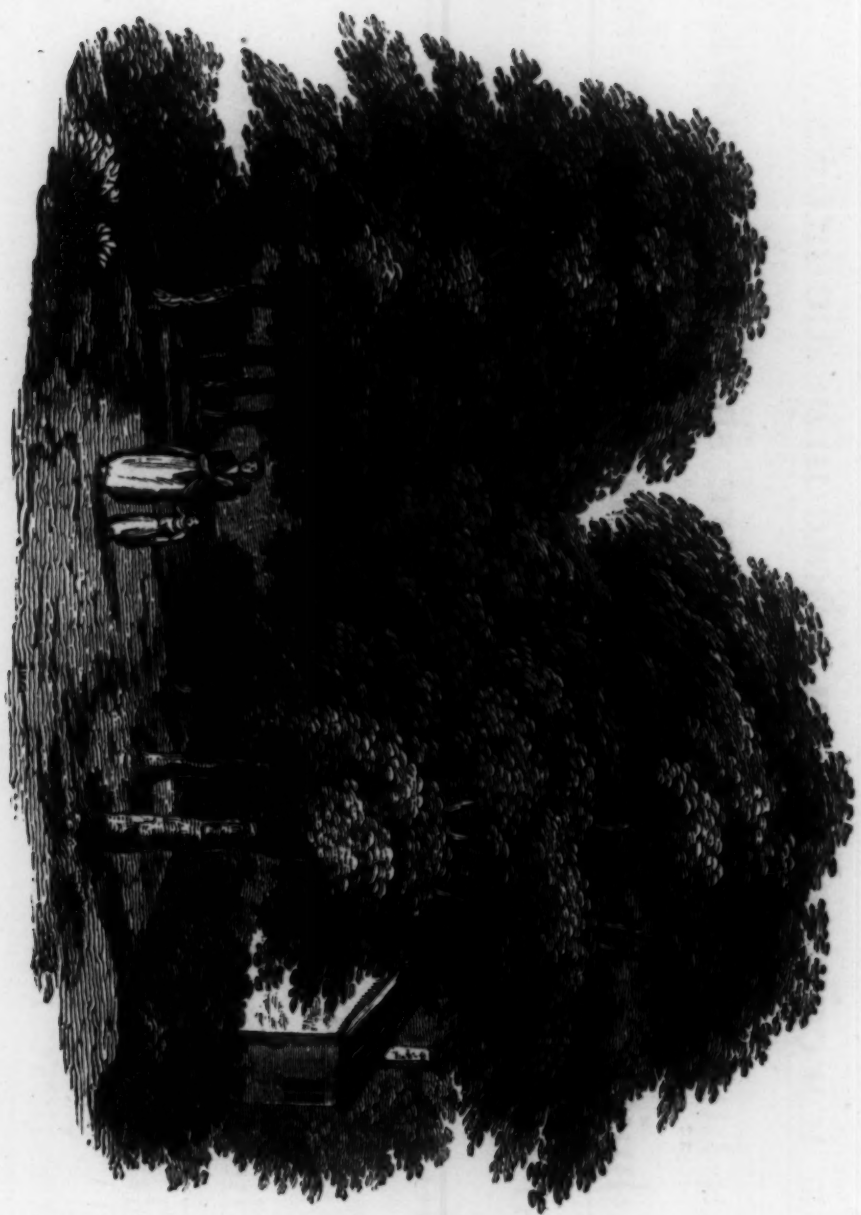
Led, by his Maker, through the blooming wild,
Where'er he roved rekindling beauties smil'd;

On every plant he gazed, on every flower,
And tasted every fruit that deck'd the bower;

Paused in the valley, marked the mountain's pride,
Or, hanging o'er the fountain's verdant side,

Admired his shadow in the silver flood,
The bright reflected lawn, the dancing wood,
The heaven's blue concave, and the solar blaze,
Till thought was lost amidst the shining maze.





T H E G R O V E

LEADING TO THE HOUSE. ^A

YE towering elms, on whose majestic brows
An hundred rolling years have shed their snows,
Admit me to your dark sequestered reign,
To roam with contemplation's studious train;
No savage murderer with a gleaming blade,
No Barnewell, to pollute your secret shade,
These haunts I seek; nor glow with other fires
Than those which friendship's ardent warmth inspires;
For here humanity's and virtue's friend
Delights in rural leisure to unbend;
The social virtues of his heart displays,
And practises whate'er his writings praise.
Oh! while defended from the noontide ray,
Pensive in this umbrageous bower I stray,

May no dark gusts of rising passion roll
The brooding tempest in my troubled soul;
Nor e'er again, to virgin beauty dear,
These shades the yell of midnight murder hear.
But who, when headlong vice usurps the rein,
Who shall the demon's frantic rage restrain!
Ye generous youths, who in life's opening bloom,
At eve delighted range this peaceful gloom,
The baleful syren from your bosoms chase,
And found your spotless love on virtue's base.
Far from these fields resound the voice of war!
Ambition, drive far hence thy thundering car!
Hence, discord, to thy darkest, deepest cell;
Here social harmony and Lettson dwell.
Let the plumed hero, who delights in blood,
Bare the bright steel, and swell the purple flood;
Spread wide the horrors of convulsive pain,
And high with carnage heap th' ensanguined plain;
While orphan shrieks his murderous tract attend,
And loud to heaven the widow's plaints ascend;

Immortal Mead sublimer glories crown,

And, Fothergill, high towers thy just renown!

With bright but bloodless pomp your trophies shine,

And everlasting wreaths your urns entwine.

Nor mean thy praise, my Friend, ordain'd to save

Full many a victim from the ravenous grave;

Full many a victim from the vulture fangs

Of famine, struggling in expiring pangs;

From frenzy mounting to the fevered brain,

Or poisonous taint that fires the throbbing vein.

Now on the hapless wretch, immers'd in night,

Thou pour'st the current of ethereal light;

Now from the shrouding billows' oozy bed

Bids the pale youth exalt his languid head.

Hark! where thou com'st, the voice of joy resounds,

And life's warm tide with sprightlier vigour bounds:

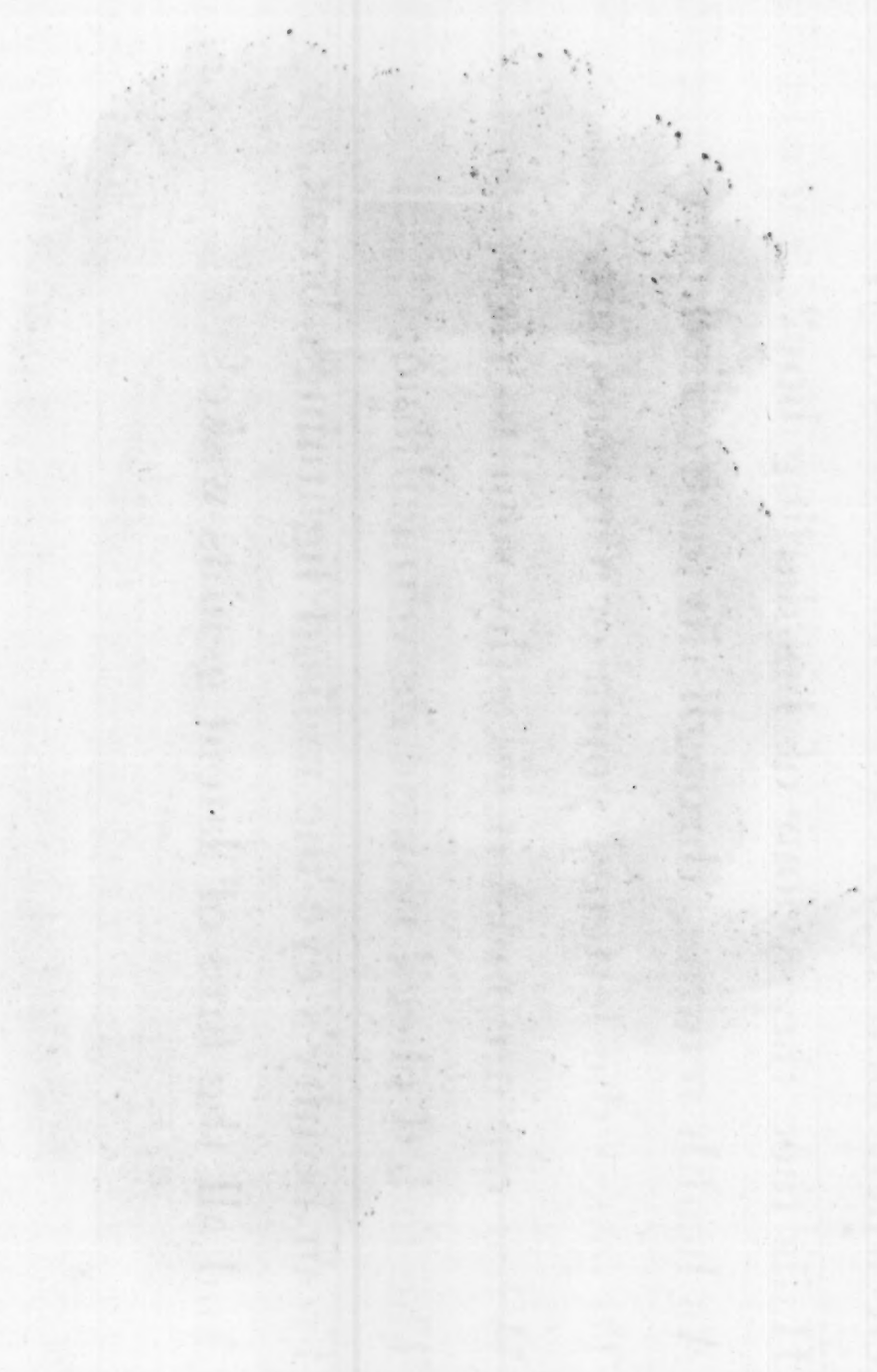
With grateful zeal a thousand bosoms glow,

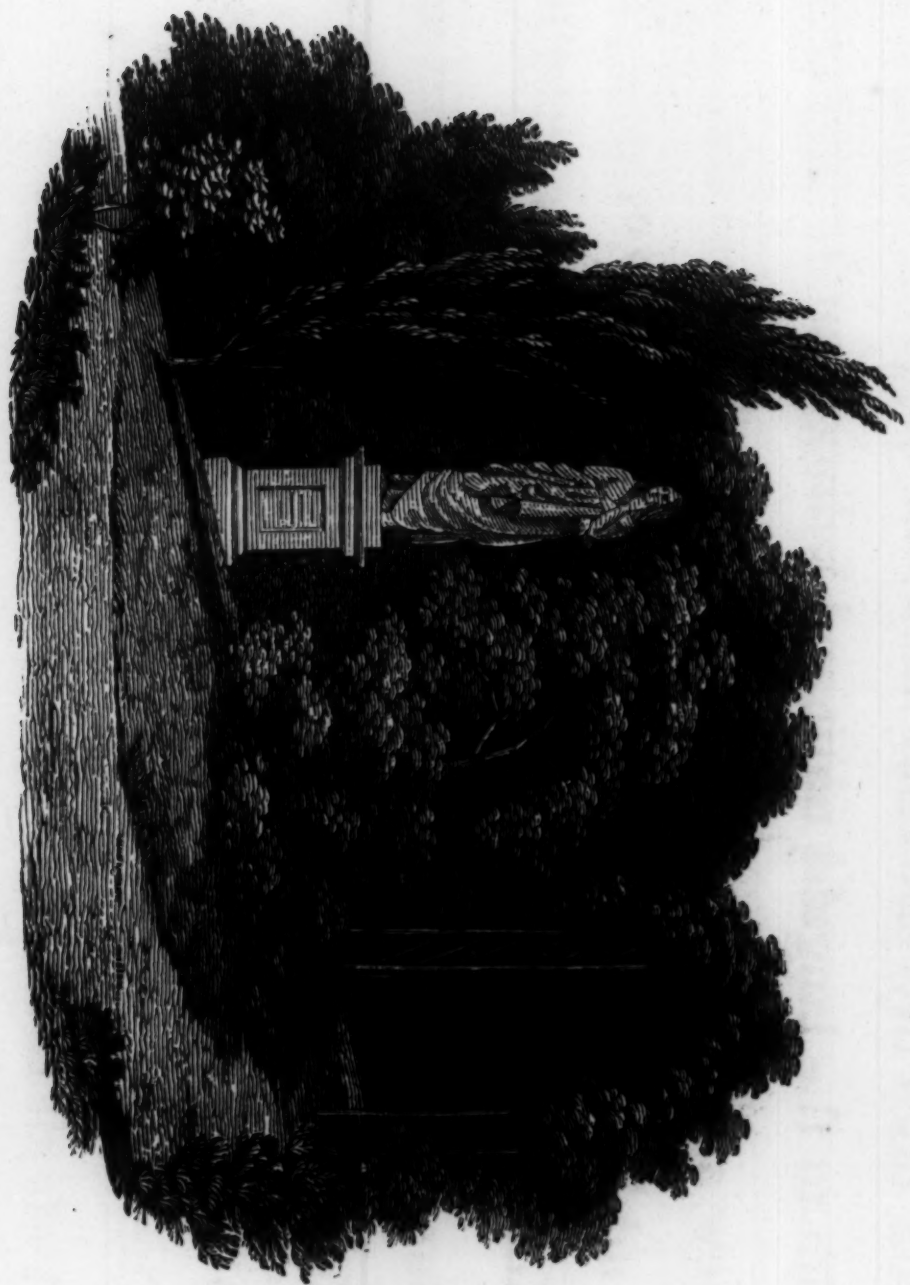
With well earn'd praise a thousand tongues o'erflow:

But chief the suffering poor thy worth proclaim,

And call down blessings on thy honoured name.

Oh! what on earth can equal bliss impart,
What nobler transports warm the bounding heart,
Than glow in thine, when rescuing from the tomb
The drooping virgin in her loveliest bloom?
Or when some aged sire, with tears of joy,
Hails thee the saviour of his darling boy?
As health returns, through thy unwearied care,
To grace the lettered youth or virtuous fair,
What rapture must it give thy soul to view
The faded cheek resume its vermeil hue;
From beauty's eye the radiant lightnings break,
And all the fires of latent genius wake!





THE GARDEN.^B

NOR does thy powerful aid alone supply
Life to the languid form and fading eye;
New ardour to expiring fancy give,
And bid fond hope and young desire revive;
Not only MAN's frail race thy skill befriends,
But wide through vegetation's tribes extends.^b

Rear'd by thy hand each plant more vigorous grows,
And lovelier far in yon rich garden blows:
The subjugated seasons own thy power,
Waft all their sweets to decorate thy bower;
And, while the step through flowery mazes roves,
We seem transported to Arabian groves;
For myriad flowers, and costly shrubs, that bloom
In southern climes, shed there their rich perfume;
And east and west their balmy stores unite,
To feast the sense and charm the roving sight.

THE HOUSE AND LIBRARY.

LET vaunting Grandeur, in her proudest style,
On massy columns rear the marble pile;
With richest sculptures deck the gorgeous dome,
And hang with Tyrian silks each lofty room;
Whilst the tired eye a waste of wealth surveys,
And the proud roofs with trophied pageants blaze:
Thy chaster taste, and less aspiring mind,
In yon fair structure use and beauty joined.^c
For many a league with admiration seen,
Circled with lawns, arrayed in loveliest green,
And lofty elms, that wide their foliage spread,
In rural elegance it rears its head.
What though no glittering spoils its walls adorn,
From plundered Asia's groaning offspring torn,
Yet Science there has fixed her favourite seat;
There cherish'd Genius finds a safe retreat!



the great dignity of the person who is to be

used, and the great importance of the

work which is to be done, and the

great number of people who are to be

benefited by the work, and the

great number of people who are to be

benefited by the work, and the

great number of people who are to be

benefited by the work, and the

great number of people who are to be

benefited by the work, and the

great number of people who are to be

benefited by the work, and the

great number of people who are to be

benefited by the work, and the

great number of people who are to be

benefited by the work, and the

great number of people who are to be

benefited by the work, and the

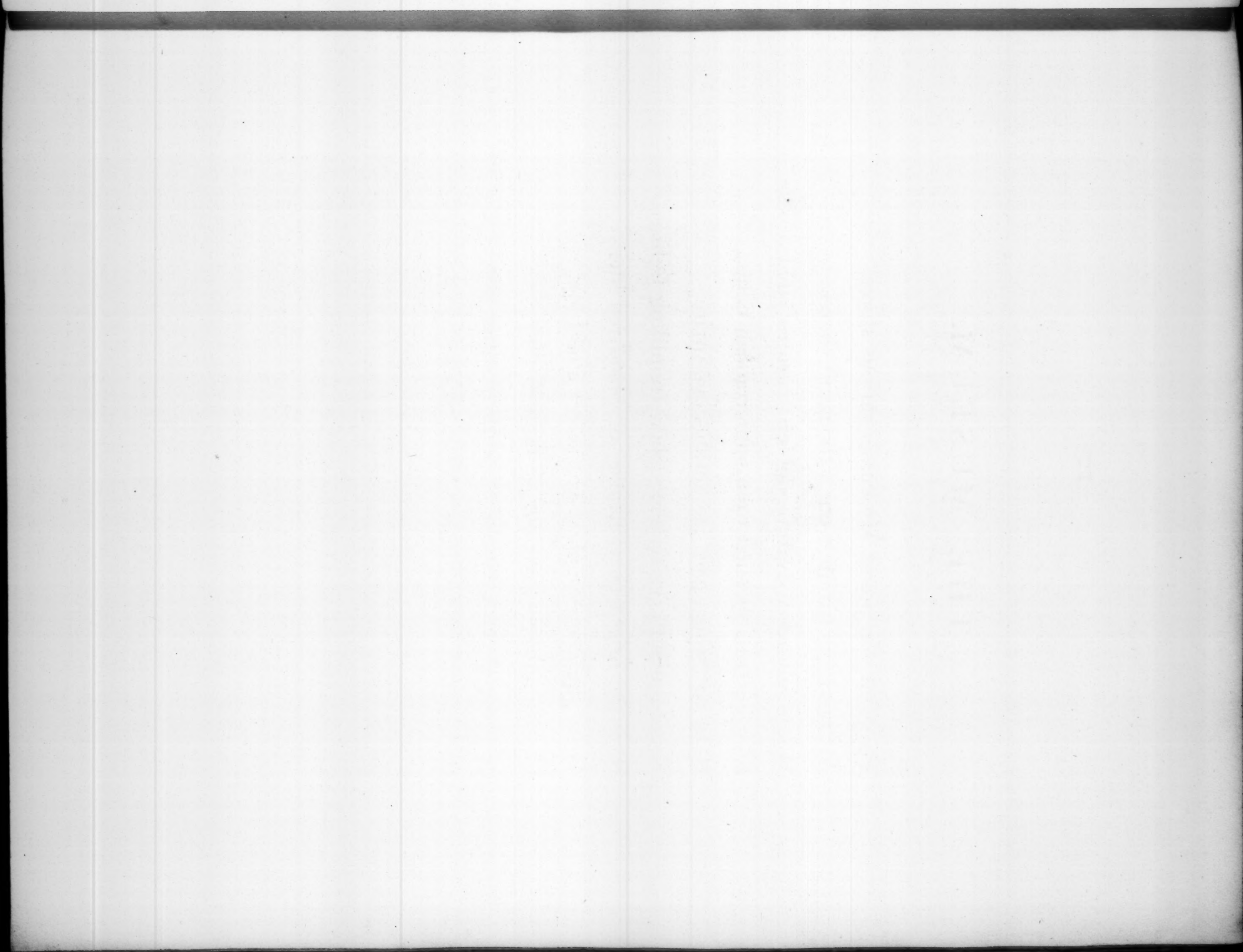
great number of people who are to be

benefited by the work, and the

There, honoured and renowned through every age,
The mighty fathers of the classic page,
Who waked, in Greece or Rome, the soul of song,
Or roll'd the tide of eloquence along,
Assembled in their deathless works appear,
And seem again to charm the ravished ear:
There too each great and venerated name,
Enrolled upon the page of modern fame;
Sages, whose daring minds have nobly soared,
And wide the spacious vault of heaven explored;
Or, darting downwards, pierced the central gloom
Where burning gems the boundless depths illumine,
And marked great Nature, in the secret mine,
With chemic power the glowing ore refine;
Patriots, who, proudly prodigal of blood,
The rage of fiercest tyrants have withstood;
And statesmen, of unspotted honour, proved,
By freedom cherished and by Britons loved;
An awful throng! in sculptured marble frown,
And fire the soul to deeds of high renown.

THE MUSEUM.^D

To swell yon proud Museum's various stores,
Art pours its tribute from a thousand shores;
While ransacked Nature nobler treasures yields,
Rich harvests gleaned from subterranean fields!
Here glittering spars the curious eye invite,
There radiant crystals shoot their trembling light;
Here the bright beryl flames, of blood-red hue;
There the deep sapphire beams celestial blue;
Now amethysts their purple light display,
Now the green emeralds shed their softer ray;
For rows of lucid pearls soft virgins sigh,
For veins of virgin gold rich misers die!
Bind fast, my friend, with adamantine chain
The shining treasure which those shelves contain;
For what can Beauty's magic power withstand?
Or what, fell Avarice! check thy grasping hand?





THE LAWN,^E

AND

SCULPTURE OF HYGEIA REPELLING THE FATES.

From the deep mine, and ocean's rocky bed,
With glittering shells, and glowing coral spread,
The Muse, emerging to the solar blaze,
Again through all the spacious garden strays;
On many an odorous plant of vivid hue,
And matchless beauty, feasts her raptured view;
And marks how Nature's deep and varied dyes
Surpass the brightest tints which Art supplies.
But 'tis not colours, varied, beauteous, bright,
Nor sweetest odours that alone delight;
A nobler treasure still this garden yields,
Decked with the spoils of rich Columbia's fields.

A treasure far beyond the ruby's glow,
And nectared sweets from jasmine bowers that flow,
Hygeia, here, in all her beauty blooms,
And, throned with Flora,^F reigns mid rich perfumes.
With skill Linnæan ranged, yon beds display,
Brought from the regions of the rising day,
All the rich balsams, and salubrious stores,
Which Medicine's philosophic eye explores;
While many a potent drug of wondrous charm,
To mitigate disease, and death disarm,
O'er yon fair lawn their balmy breath exhale,
And health comes wafted on each vernal gale.
Yon sculptured symbols, by a master wrought,
Bold in expression, as sublime in thought,
With matchless eloquence to man unfold
The awful truth he shudders to be told;
The awful truth, that with his earliest breath
He drew the lurking principles of death;
And oft to festive pleasure's jovial strain
Succeed the piercing shrieks of bitterest pain.

polyphibit sub hincet ad mense h
nall hincet mense non appere hincet hinc

hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet
hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet

hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet
hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet

hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet
hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet

hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet
hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet

hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet
hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet

hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet
hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet

hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet
hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet

hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet
hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet

hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet
hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet

hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet
hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet

hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet
hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet hincet



Yet droops not man beneath unpitied woes,
As nobly this impressive sculpture shows:
Behold Hygeia who with Fate contends,
And from her grasp expiring mortals rends.
Mark with what fatal skill yon deathful * pair
The web of human destiny prepare;
Life's brittle thread those ruthless sisters hold,
And swift around the impetuous wheel is rolled.
A third more direful sister near them stands,
The fatal shears extended in her hands;
Eager to strike the blow, and seal the doom
Of some pale victim trembling o'er the tomb;
But ere the shining steel that thread divides,
Swift from her grot the rosy goddess glides;
Fraught with each healing plant and balmy flower
That sheds sweet incense round her mystic bower!
Mark as her hand the sovereign balm applies,
From death's dark shades the squalid spectre rise;

* The two younger Parcae, Clotho and Lachesis.

Gradual the lillies from his cheeks retire!
Bright beams his eye with renovated fire!
Stern Atropos her power suspended owns,
And Pluto his deserted realm bemoans.



THE TURRET,^c

AND VIEW FROM IT.

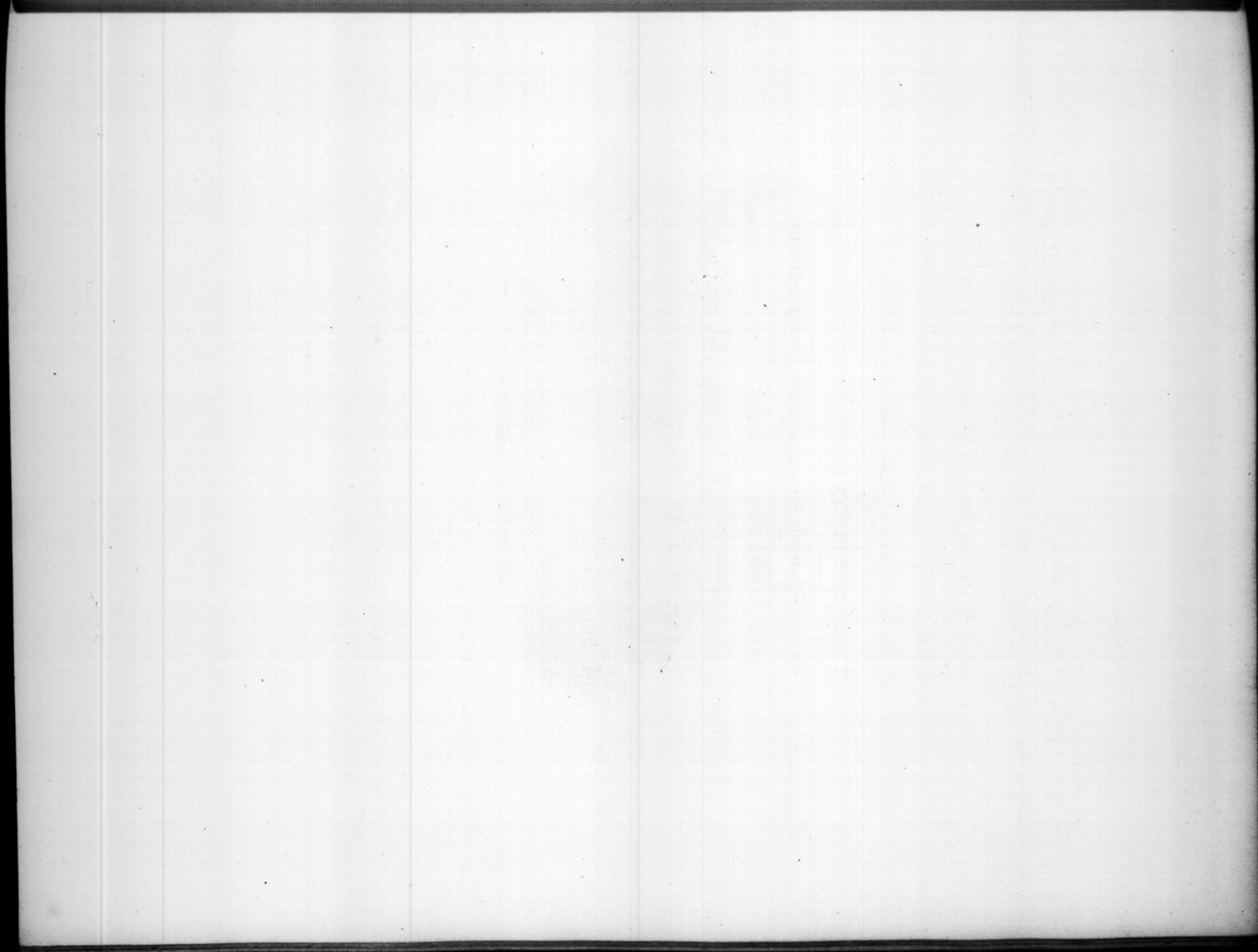
BUT bursting soon from Pleasure's gaudy bowers,
 Where Beauty rests on beds of vernal flowers,
 The impatient Muse ascends the Turret's height,
 Where ampler prospects charm the roving sight;
 A richer landscape ne'er the sun survey'd,
 With lovelier verdure crown'd, or nobler shade;
 The whole horizon, to its utmost bound,
 One bright and beauteous picture glowing round!

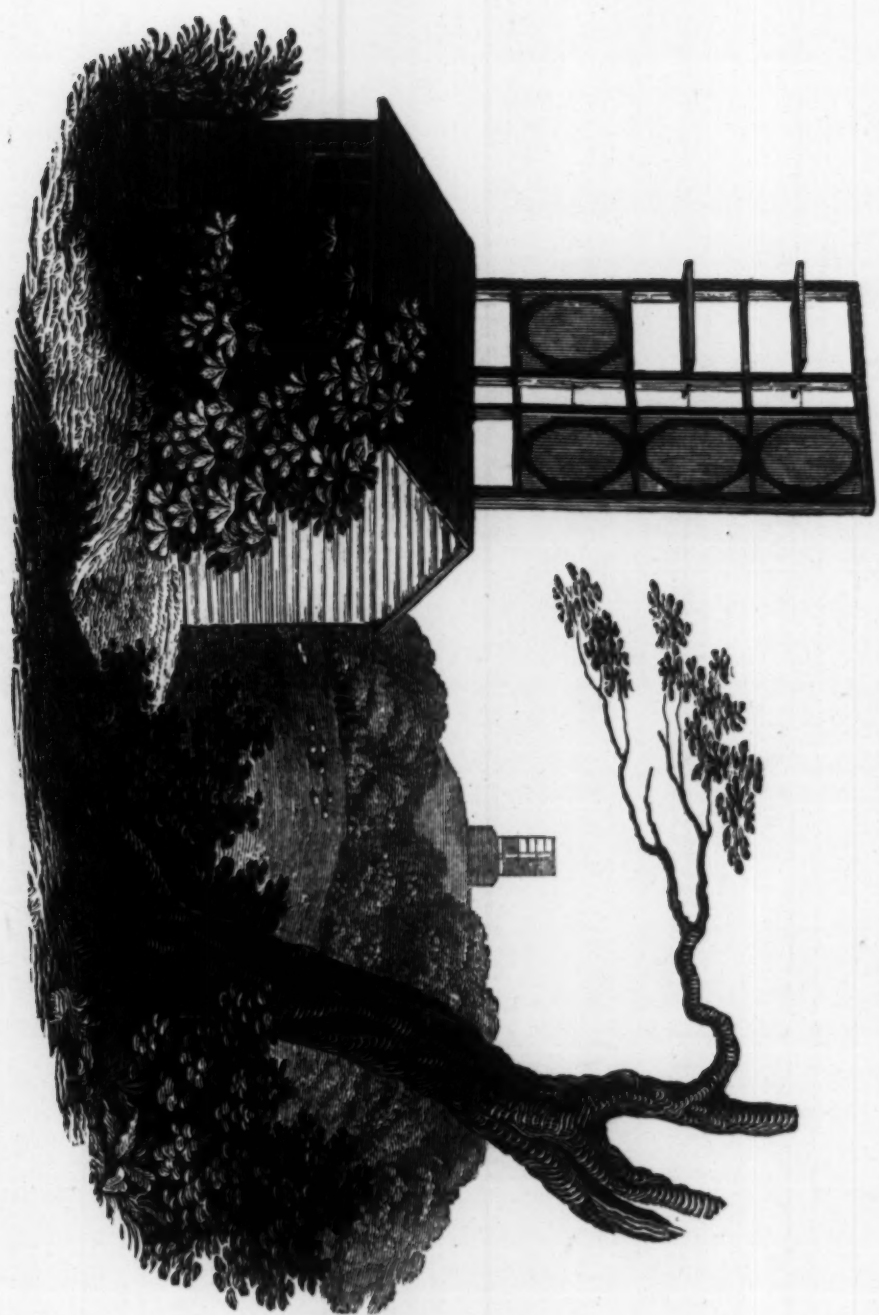
Here, fragrant as the blooming eastern vales,
 Where Aden's spikenard scents the balmy gales,
 Rich meads, in Flora's gaudiest treasures bright,
 And ever verdant lawns, the eye delight;
 In whose rich pastures bounds th' exulting steed,
 And sportive herds innumerable feed.

There, view'd with transport by th' impatient swain,
Luxuriant harvests load the laughing plain,
And, waving to the breeze their golden store,
Bid famine's vultures fly from Britain's shore.
Her native treasures these; nor these alone,

While Commerce makes the globe's vast wealth her own.
Here, freighted with the gems of India's clime,
On Thames' broad wave rich navies ride sublime:
There, proudly crowning her imperial stream,
The lofty turrets of Augusta gleam.

Where'er my wandering eye delighted roves,
Through length'ning vistas and embow'ring groves,
New objects on the dazzled vision break,
And in th' admiring soul new transports wake.
Here many a league, along the winding tide,
A thousand villas stretch in rural pride:
There, glitt'ring spires and swelling domes ascend,
And Art and Nature all their beauties blend.





THE TELEGRAPH.^H

WHERE yon dark bounding hills at distance rise,
See, swifter than the rapid eagle flies,
The faithful Telegraph,ⁱ aloft in air,
The wafted thought to distant regions bear!
In vain the barrier mountains rise around,
Impatient Science leaps th' opposing mound;
Beneath her sees the impetuous rivers roll,
And Nature bending to her strong control;
Stretches from sea to sea her mighty sway,
Compels the winds and tempests to obey;
And by the Telegraphs' connecting chain,
That wide through earth extends her genial reign,
Bids nations, distant as the burning line
And frozen pole, in social converse join.
Through them Fame sounds her loudest trump sublime,
Charged with the fate of many a distant clime;

And Glory, spurning Time! thy flagging wings,
To bright renown on plumes of lightning springs.
Through them her awful voice Britannia pours,
Rolled instantaneous round her farthest shores,
Bids her proud navies ride the subject deep,
O'er hostile realms her loud artillery sweep;
Or, far more grateful, bids its thunders cease,
And softly speaks to bleeding Europe peace.

Mark with what ardour, where yon glittering stream
Reflects the blazing noon's intensest beam,
Unwearied Industry its labours plies,
Regardless of the sun and sultry skies;
While active Commerce, fired with thirst of gain,
Unbounded thrives through all the spacious plain:
Mark yon proud fleet,¹ whose thousand flags unfurled,
To Britain waft the wealth of Asia's world!
Mark in what state, along the exulting tide,
The richly-freighted barks majestic glide;
What anxious myriads from Augusta pour!
Plough the broad wave, and line the crowded shore:

Enraptured at a darling son's return,
How does the fond parental bosom burn!
By stronger fetters bound than bands of steel,
What fervid joys does virtuous friendship feel!

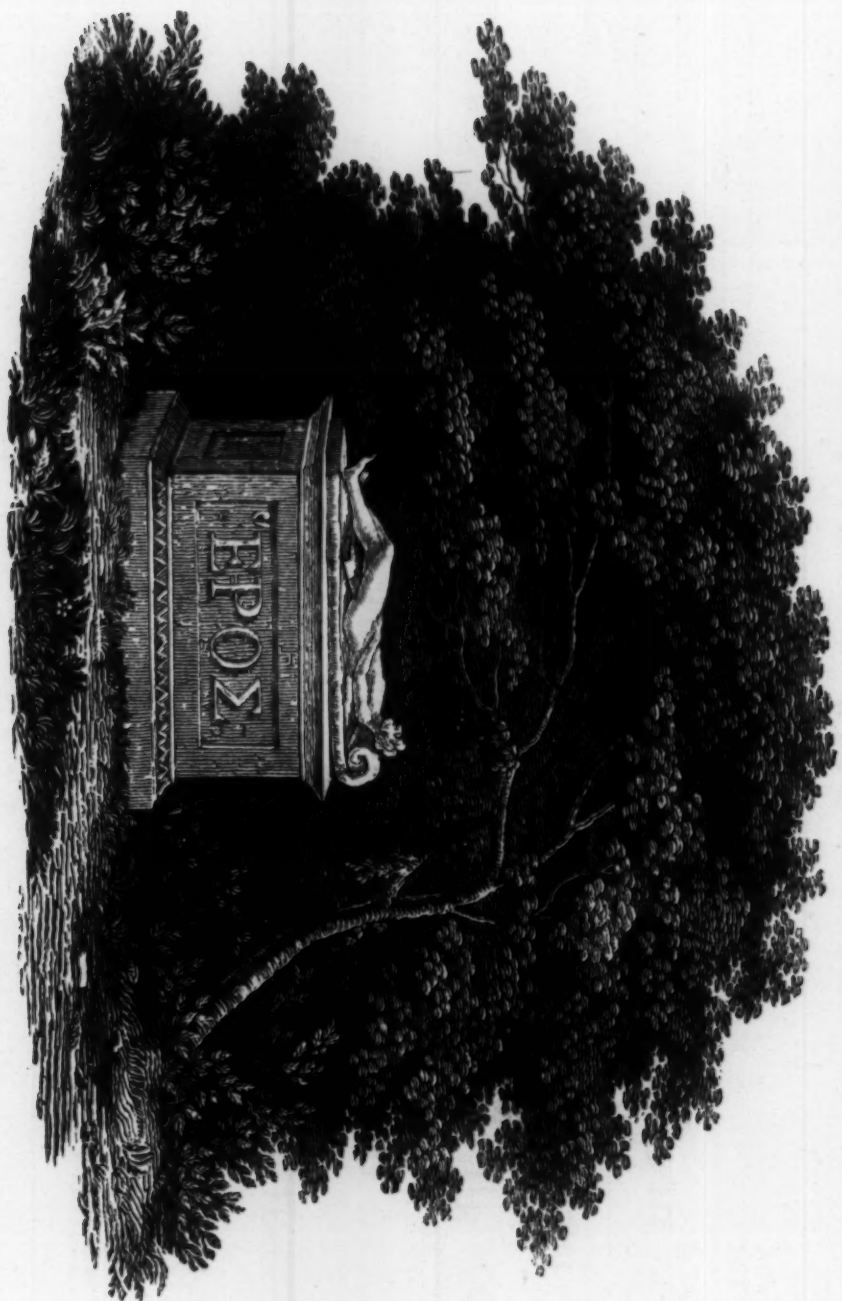
But, Susan, who shall paint thy soft alarms,
When William, promised to thy bridal arms,
Transported meets thee on the lofty deck,
Enamoured clings around thy snowy neck,
And swears, though many a jewel, rich and bright,
In India's glittering marts has blest his sight,
No fairer jewel e'er his eyes surveyed,
Nor clasped his ardent arms a lovelier maid?

Here crowded Deptford's hardy race prepare
The lofty barks that Britain's thunder bear;
Those thunders Woolwich, that, with deafening roar,
Terrific vibrate round thy warlike shore.
There, viewed by grateful mariners with delight,
The stately towers of Greenwich charm the sight.
Greenwich! superb asylum of the brave,
Who point her vengeance on the boisterous wave.

Nor shall the sister hills,* that lift on high
Their verdant summits, and in beauty vie,
Where toiling trade its wasted health repairs,
And wealthy citizens forget their cares,
Unsung remain; nor Stanmore's fir-clad height,
Whose groves luxuriant bound the roving sight:
Sweet grove! sweet village! in whose classic shade,
In life's gay morn, my feet delighted strayed:
Nor Harrow's lofty bower and spire-crown'd brow,
Majestic frowning on the plains below.

* Hampstead and Highgate hills.

4911 ad p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a
 4912 p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a
 4913 p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a
 4914 p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a
 4915 p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a
 4916 p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a
 4917 p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a
 4918 p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a
 4919 p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a
 4920 p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a p[ro]p[ri]a



THE ARBUSTRUM,

AND CUPID SLEEPING.^K

NOR need the exploring eye at distance roll
For beauties to transport the admiring soul,
Since all that can the raptured sense beguile,
Where blooming Nature wears her softest smile;
All that in verdure, water, woods, can charm,
While genius can instruct, or fancy warm;
All that can soothe the taste, or feast the sight,
Court us at home, and in these glades unite.
Gay open lawns, and dark sequestered bowers,
The richest rarest plants, the sweetest flowers,
Assembled here in bright profusion meet,
Wave o'er our heads, or bloom beneath our feet.
But chief in yon Arbustum's^L winding shade
Have taste and fancy their full powers displayed;

Where every lovelier shrub that decks the vale,
Each scented blossom that perfumes the gale;
All those more beauteous trees whose towering height,
And branching foliage, the charmed eye delight;
Or, when bright Sirius in too fierce a flood
Of glory beams, and fires the fevered blood,
Whose cooling fruits the burning thirst assuage,
And check that fever's dire destructive rage;
All here arranged in beauteous order grow,
Diffusing health and fragrance as they blow.
Nor are there wanting to this lovely Grove,
Where Science and the Muse delighted rove,
The rural cot, the grotto's cooling shade,
The murmuring fountain, and the deep cascade;
The bath salubrious, in whose bracing wave
Their beauteous limbs exulting naiads lave;
Cellars with wines of choicest vintage stored;
A kind good mistress, and a bounteous lord.
Deep in the windings of yon secret glade,
Where the thick coppice forms a darker shade,

With arrows blunted and extinguished fires,
Innoxious sleeps the god of soft desires.
Too well I know, too oft have felt his power,
Nor dare I visit that enchanted bower,
Lest, by some magic, he from slumber start,
His lamp rekindle, and new-point his dart.
Take thy repose, sweet tyrant, sovereign Love,
For me, eternal may thy slumbers prove.

OBSERVATORY,

OR TEMPLE OF THE SYBILS.^L

At length with wonder and delight I gain
The lofty summit of the Sybil's fane.

Now far sublimer scenes the muse inspire,
Sublimier thoughts the kindling bosom fire:

Adieu! earth's bounded range, all meaner themes,

Gay landscapes, waving woods, and glittering streams:

Be mine with heaven-born Ferguson^M to soar,

And yon bright arch and brighter orbs explore;

With his rapt spirit round the ecliptic glow,

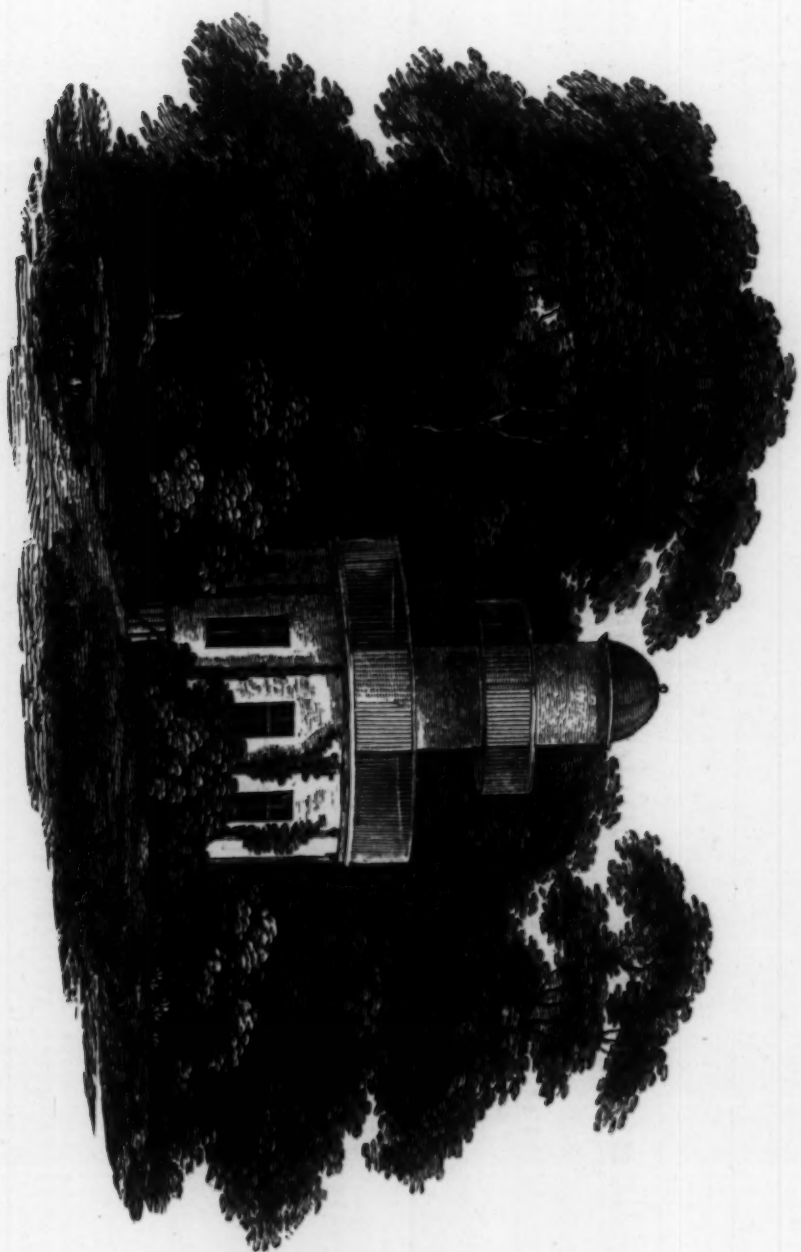
Or freeze beneath the bears, in polar snow;

Delighted, through the boundless realms of space,

The great Creator's varied power to trace;

Where gravitating worlds unnumbered sweep

In beauteous order through yon azure deep;



And I have been thinking of you very much lately

and wondering how you are getting on

and how the children are getting on

and how the weather is getting on

and how the world is getting on

and how the time is getting on

and how the day is getting on

and how the night is getting on

and how the year is getting on

and how the century is getting on

and how the millennium is getting on

and how the world is getting on

and how the universe is getting on

and how the everything is getting on

While rapid comets, with their burning trains,
Attend their progress through those distant plains;
Their wasted ardours with new fires supply,
And light the flames that blaze through all the sky.

How vigorous Genius, on its eagle-wings,
Above terrestrial bonds triumphant springs!
All the dire rage of adverse fate defies,
And to its native spheres for refuge flies.
Mark! on yon northern hills, her darling child,
Wand'ring o'er many a bleak and barren wild;
Around him howls enraged the wintry gale,
And driving sleet the illustrious youth assail;
Yet neither driving sleet nor blasting wind
Damp the keen fervour of his active mind,
That scorns the limits of this nether sphere,
And bends to distant worlds its bold career.
Now, with the pastoral crook, his skilful hand
Draws heaven's vast circles in the drifted sand:
Now, with a string of threaded beads, he shows
Where each bright star that gilds th' horizon glows:

Here the broad Zodiac darts its central rays;
Here gleams Orion; there the Pleiads blaze:
There myriad suns their blended beams combine,
To form the Galaxy's refulgent line;
And, as one dazzling flood of light they pour,
Bid wondering mortals tremble and adore.

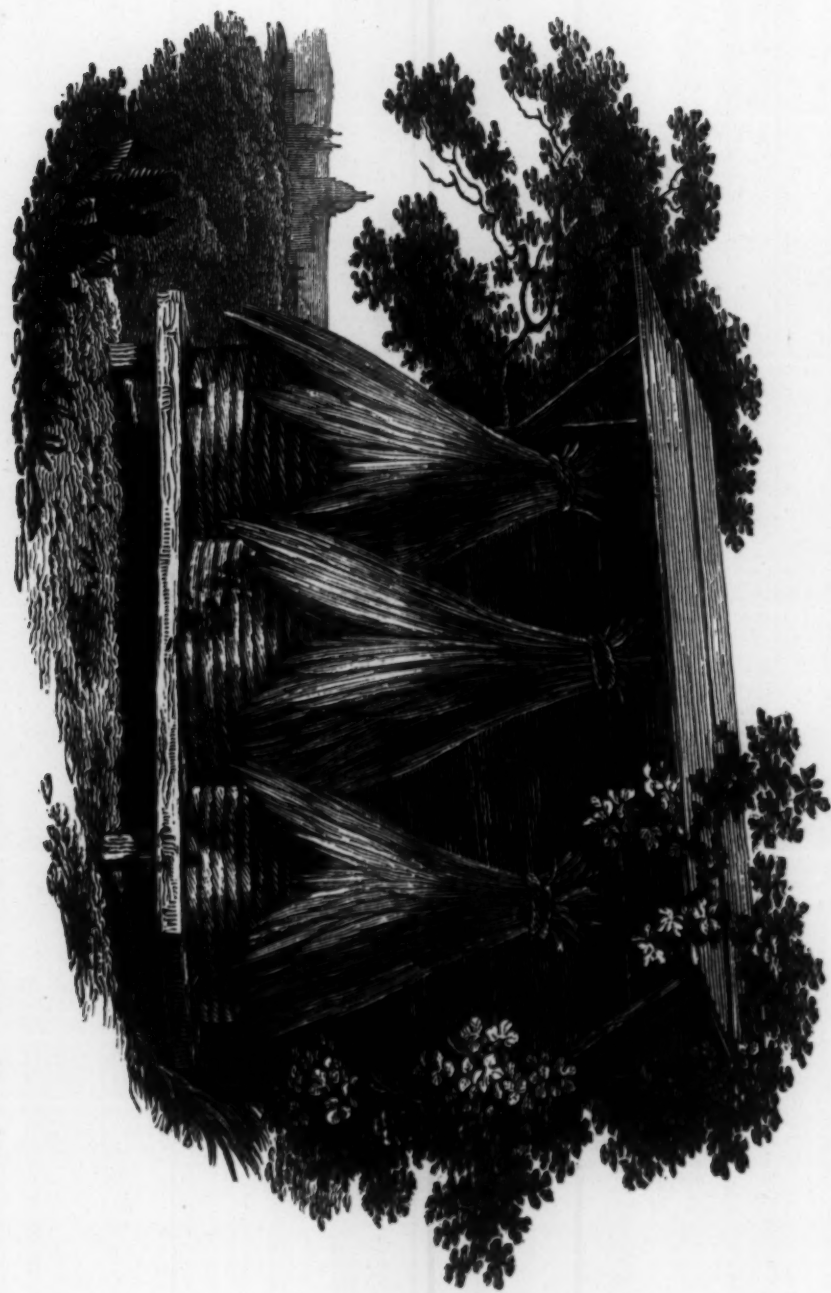
Doom'd still to be the sport of adverse fate,
Severer ills his ripening manhood wait:
Lo! at the mill, a servile drudge, he toils,
In tasks at which the high-born mind recoils:
Exhausted through the long laborious day,
His mightier labours of the night survey;
Those weary lids no balmy slumbers close,
No pause that active, ardent spirit knows;
But now, upborne on lightning pinions, flies
Where tempests gender, and dark whirlwinds rise:
In metaphysics now sublimely soars,
And wide the intellectual world explores;
Or with great Newton in mechanics towers,
Invests their secret laws and wonderous powers;

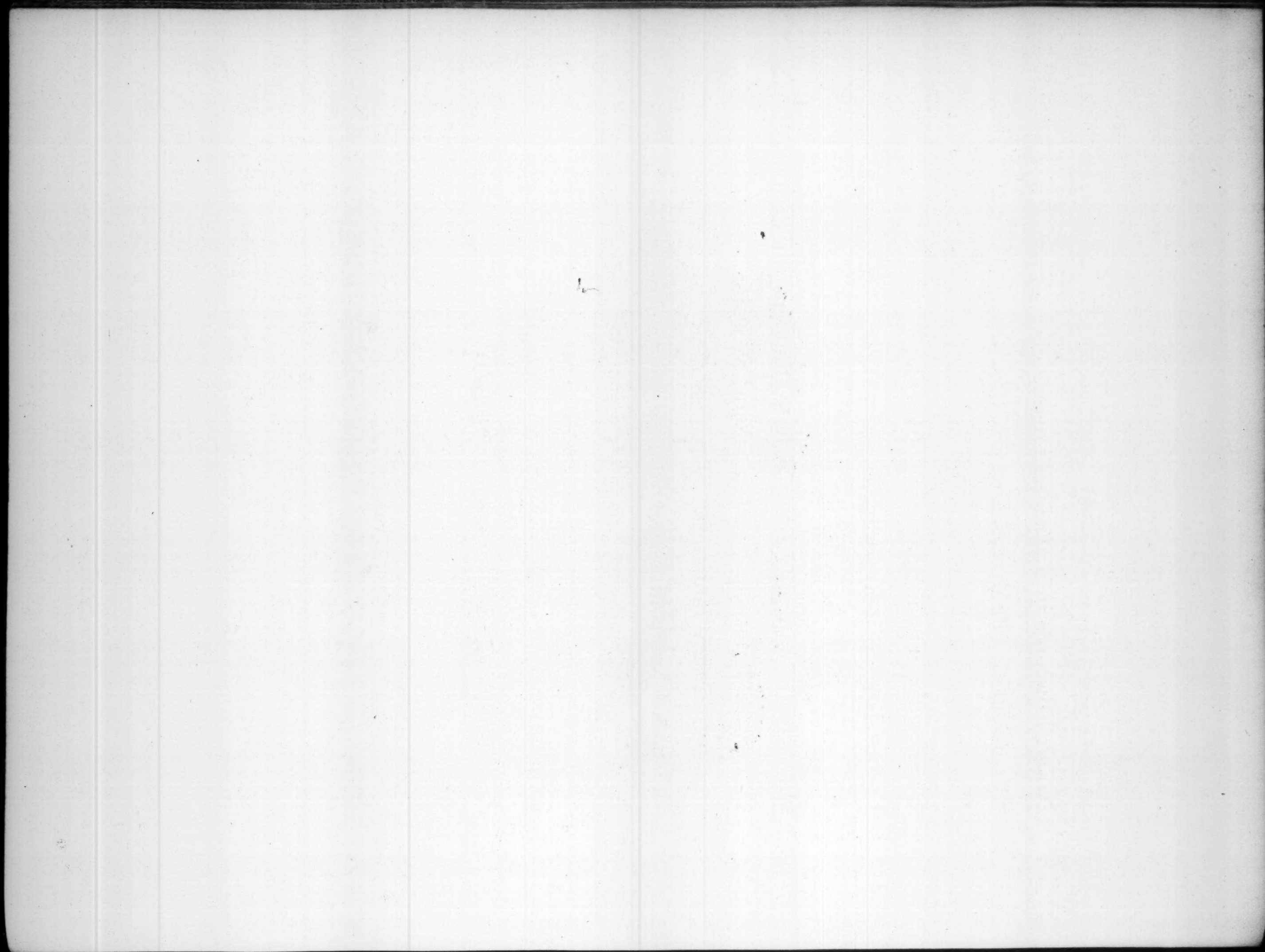
Fathoms the billowy ocean's bed profound,
Weighs the vast mass, and marks its mighty bound.
At length thy brows the well-earned laurels crown,
And bright, as lasting, spreads thy just renown.
The friend of Genius and its hallowed flame
Devotes this temple to thy towering name;
That long as stars shall shine, or oceans roll,
To kindred zeal shall rouse the aspiring soul.



THE APIARY.^N

REFLECTED from Augusta's glittering spires,
The sun darts fiercely his meridian fires;
With brighter splendor shines each glistening stream,
While Nature pants beneath the fervid beam.
For shelter, from the sultry dog-star's heat,
To the deep glen the fainting herds retreat;
Listless repose beneath the gloomy brake,
Or headlong plunge amid the cooling lake.
Mark how intensely, while the blazing day
Pours on their glowing hives its fiercest ray,
Yon buzzing tribesⁿ pursue their ceaseless toil,
Loaded with all the garden's fragrant spoil;
Darkening the air, behold the unnumbered throng,
In driving swarms, harmonious, glide along;
All in strong bonds of social union join'd,
One mighty empire, one pervading mind:



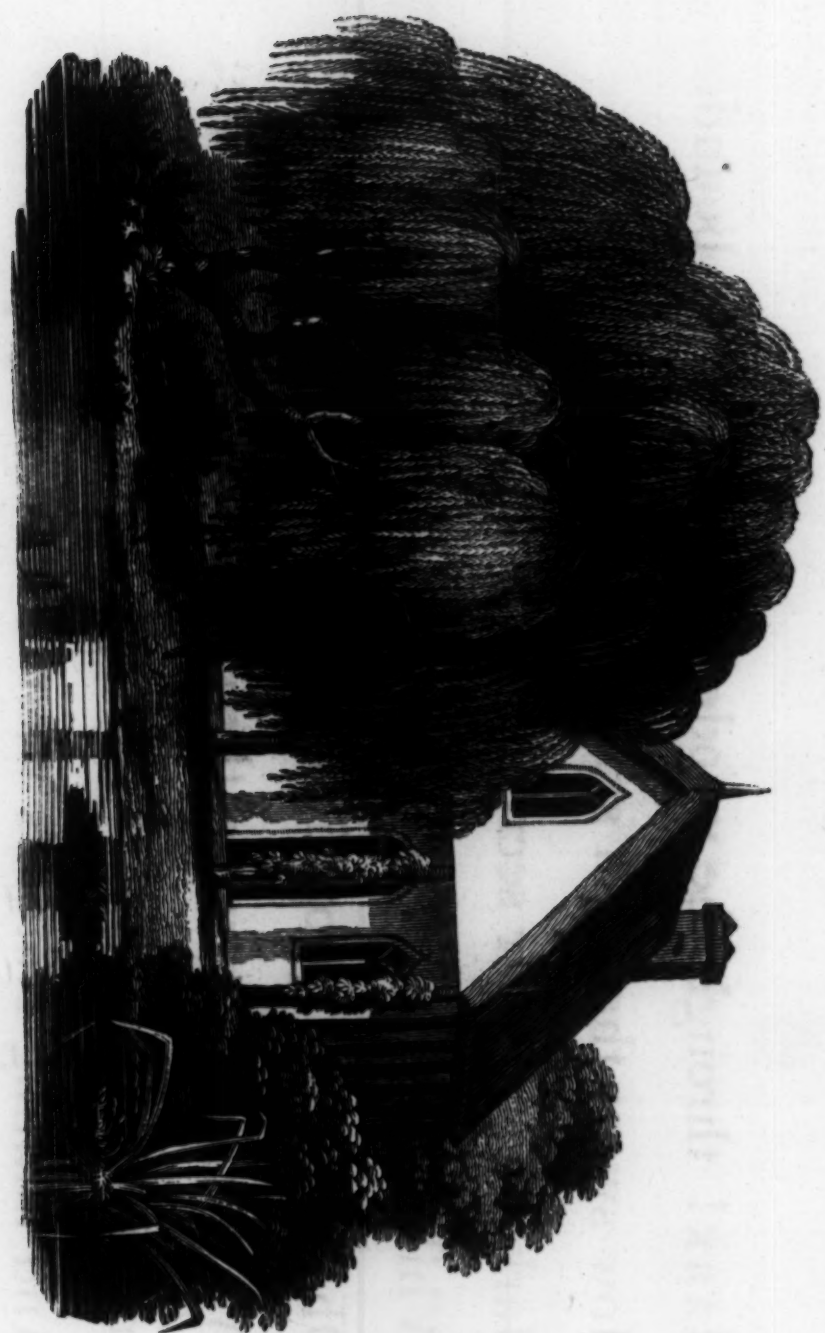


No civil discords in that empire rage,
Save when on idle drones dire war they wage;
No tyrant's thundering scourge, nor rattling chain,
Disgrace the regent-mother's gentle reign;
Eternal laws to industry incite,
All, all to swell the public stores unite.
Oh! would the mighty states, whose thunders hur!d
O'er ravaged Europe, awe the astonished world,
Oh! would they imitate the blameless race,
Whose numerous hives their names conspicuous grace;
Their vigorous industry, their loyal zeal,
Their generous ardour for the public weal;
Be firmly bound by one grand social chain,
And bid through earth eternal concord reign!

SHAKESPEARE'S WALK.°

DESCENDING still the Arbustum's winding maze,
Whose deepening shades repel the noon-tide rays,
With reverence I approach the solemn glade,
Sacred, great Shakespeare! ° to thy awful shade;
Bend at thy shrine, confess thy magic power,
And hail thee guardian of this secret bower.
For where could Nature's, Fancy's darling child,
Warble more sweet his native wood-notes wild
Than in the bosom of this peaceful vale,
Where myriad scented shrubs perfume the gale;
While plants of nobler growth, dispersed between,
Wave high, and flourish in unfading green;
Where Genius has its boldest skill displayed,
And Nature shines in all her charms arrayed?





THE COTTAGE,

CANAL, AND FOUNTAIN.^p

HARK! through the wooded circuits ample bound,
How sweet the rural symphonies resound!

Hark! from their secret springs the naiads call,
While soft around the murmuring waters fall.^p

Oh! nymphs, propitious to the exhausted muse,
Wide and more wide their cooling streams diffuse;
In torrents dash them through the sultry air,
And fainting Nature's wasted strength repair:
Raptured I fly to quaff the crystal wave,
My glowing temples at your fountain lave;
Charmed in this loveliest, last retreat, to find
All the fair beauties of the *Grove* combined:
Whether my eye yon tranquil stream survey,
Or o'er its shrubby marge luxuriant stray;

Or to yon high o'er-arching woods ascend,
That wide through air their branching arms extend,
A towering theatre of mighty shade!
With heaven's blue canopy aloft o'erspread:
Transfix'd with wonder and delight I stand,
And own in all a master's daring hand.

With dazzling brilliance while the sun-beams dance
On the chaste bosom of yon bright expanse,
From the too powerful glare and scorching heat
Yon rural Cottage yields a cool retreat:

What though it want the spacious marble base,
What though its roofs no gilded trophies grace,
On lasting oak its modest front it rears,
And neat in rustic elegance appears,
While thick around with mantling foliage twin'd,
It bids defiance to the sun and wind.

See guardian Venus^a rising from the tide,
With Flora, o'er the hallowed porch preside;
But not that Venus who with harlot smiles
And crimsoned cheek the unwary youth beguiles,

To rend, as Barnewell erst, each sacred tie,
And in his patron's blood the poniard dye;
But dignified, reserved, in chaste attire,
With Delia's bashful look and tempered fire;
Against unhallowed flames the door they close,
But wide unfold, where virtuous passion glows.
Here then let wearied beauty rest her charms,
And sleep secure from all but love's alarms.

CONCLUSION.

SUCH are the soft enchanting scenes displayed,
In all the blended charms of light and shade,
At Camberwell's fair Grove, and verdant brow,
The loveliest Surrey's swelling hills can show:
And long may he whose bold excursive mind
This sweet terrestrial Paradise designed,
Long may he view the favourite bower he planned,
Its towering foliage o'er his race expand;
Behold them flourish in its grateful shade,
And in their father's steps delighted tread:
Then full of years, and, crowned with well-earned fame,
Retire in peace, his bright reward to claim.

NOTES.

^A It was in this Grove that George Barnewell is said to have murdered his uncle; an incident which gave rise to Lillo's celebrated tragedy of George Barnewell, or the London Merchant.

^B The Garden is, situated behind the dwelling-house; at the upper end it is terminated by a greenhouse, fifty feet in length, and the back-front of the dwelling-house and library. The Garden is embraced by a winding walk, and ornamented with shrubbery at each extremity: adjoining to the upper shrubbery is a small bowling-green, terminating with a statue of Urania supporting a globe and dial, with this inscription,

Post est occasio calva.

Parallel with this statue is a group of figures representing the Fates (E). The lower extremity of the Garden is divided into two oval compartments, a continuation of the green running between them: one of these compartments is allotted to exotics, and of these, chiefly American shrubs; the other principally to rare English herbaceous plants; and to each vegetable is annexed the Linnæan as well as the English names (letter G). At the lower extremity of this Garden is an ALCOVE, raised on an artificial mount; and on its declivity a figure of CONTEMPLATION, standing on a stone pedestal, bearing this inscription,

O JEHOVA,

Quam ampla sunt tua opera!

Quam sapienter ea fecisti!

Quam plena est terra possessione tua!

Implying, "O LORD, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches."

The House is a plain structure, consisting of six rooms on the ground floor, and of four on each above; the front is ornamented with three emblematic figures, in alto relievo, cast in artificial stone, representing Liberty on the east end of the house, and Plenty on the west; the centre exhibits Flora, holding in each hand a festoon of flowers, the right resting on a pedestal. On the outside wall of the library, or western wing fronting the pleasure garden, are the following representations of the Seasons, in alto relievo:

SPRING, a naked boy sitting, holding in the left-hand a basket of flowers; on one side the zodiac sign *Aries*.

SUMMER, a boy kneeling, holding a drop of fruit; the zodiac sign *Libra*.

AUTUMN, a boy lying among wheat, with a sickle in one hand; zodiac sign *Cancer*.

WINTER, a boy putting on skates; the zodiac sign *Capricornus*.

On the eastern wing are the following tables, also in alto relievo:

ARTS, representing *Music*, *Painting*, and *Architecture*.

COMMERCE, *Neptune* and *Triton* pouring plenty and wealth. Ships in the back ground.

PEACE and PLENTY, olive branch and cornucopia.

WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE, loom and sheep.

SOVEREIGNTY OF THE LAWS, uniting Liberty and Military Power.

TRUTH unveiling herself, and PRUDENCE with a mirror.

In the centre, between the wings, is a tablet, on which the great pyramid of Egypt appears at a distance, and forms the back ground, which is

skirted by a palm. The principal figure is the Isis of Sais, or Nature, and on each side is a sphinx, emblematic of mystery: under the Isis is a serpent, representing eternity, in a circular form, including the following inscription:

ΕΙΩ
ΕΙΜΙ ΠΑΝ ΤΟ ΓΕΓΟΝΟΣ
ΚΑΙ ΟΝ, ΚΑΙ ΕΣΟΜΕΝΟΝ,
ΚΑΙ ΤΟΝ ΕΜΟΝ ΠΕΙΛΑΟΝ
ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΠΩ ΘΝΗΤΟΝ
ΑΠΕΚΑΤΥΕΝ.

Signifying, "I am what ever is, or has been, and will be; and no mortal has hitherto drawn aside my veil."

The LIBRARY is forty feet in length, and twenty in breadth within the cases, which are divided into sixteen compartments, with a bust over each, of some distinguished personage, characteristic of the particular science.

1. TRACTS and PAMPHLETS, head JOHN WESLEY.
2. MISCELLANIES, DRYDEN.
3. REVIEWS, ADDISON.
4. SURGERY and CHEMISTRY, POTT.
5. ANTIQUITIES and MEDALS, STURKELEY.
6. PRINTS and MAPS, HOGARTH.
7. ARTS and SCIENCES, NEWTON.
8. DIVINITY and LAW, LOCKE.
9. DICTIONARIES and CLASSICS, BACON.
10. HISTORY and BIOGRAPHY, VOLTAIRE.
11. POETRY, MILTON.
12. VOYAGES and GEOGRAPHY, RAWLEIGH.
13. NATURAL HISTORY, BOYLE, FRANKLIN.
14. MEDICINE, SYDENHAM.
15. MEDICINE and BOTANY, FOTHERGILL.
16. HERBARIUM and MANUSCRIPTS, MEAD.

Here also is to be seen an original painting of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, which, since the conflagration of Coudry-house, is supposed to be the only one of that interesting event.

The Cabinets in the Library contain various subjects of natural history, as shells, insects, dresses of nations, and the specimens of wood and of amber are, perhaps, unequalled.

^D The Museum possesses a collection of medals and coins, and an extensive one of ores and minerals. Adjoining is a smaller room, containing petrifications and fossils, and particularly matchless specimens of cornu ammonis.

^E The Fates (referred to letter B) consist of a group of figures, Lartho holding the spindle, and pulling the thread, which Lachesis winds on the spindle. Atropos, in a kneeling posture, extends the right-hand with a scissars open, as if desirous of instantly cutting this thread, figurative of human life. On the back ground rises Hygeia, the priestess of health, near a column entwined by a serpent, emblematic of the healing art, and stays the hand of Atropos from the fatal division of the thread. Behind this group, cedars of Libanus; near Atropos, savine and deadly night-shade; and at the feet of Hygeia flourishes the arbor vitæ. This group was erected in commemoration of the coming of age of a son.

^F This is a statue at the entrance of the kitchen garden; on the pedestal is this inscription in front,

Non caninus Surdis,
Omnia respondet
FLORA.

On the other side of the pedestal is inscribed,

Arbitrium tu Dea
Floris habe.

^G Constitutes the upper part of the east wing of the dwelling-house.

^H Situated on an eminence above the Greenwich road.

^I To these scenes here described the author was himself a witness, on the arrival of an home-bound India fleet.

^K Through the Arbustum (in the poem by mistake printed Arbustrum) a walk of considerable extent is carried under the shade of nearly one hundred fruit trees, which not only form a pleasing arbour, but likewise an object of beauty in their blossoms, and of profit in their product. Between each fruit tree intervene currants and gooseberries.

This walk leads to an open portico, supported by eight small columns; in the centre of this building is a piece of marble statuary, representing Cupid asleep; near a reservoir of water, ornamented with weeping willows, fruit trees, and evergreens.

^L From the portico the *Arbustum* is continued to the Temple of the Sybils. The design was first taken from a model in cork of the temple of the Sybils, or of Vesta, at Tivoli. This Temple, instead of Corinthian pillars, is supported on the trunks or shafts of eighteen oak trees, covered with their natural bark, and with the branches a little cropped: round each of these trunks ivy, virgin's bower, honeysuckle, and vines, entwine their foliage and flowers in festoons. The outside of the base is ornamented with busts, in statuary marble, of Ceres, Pomona, Cleopatra, Mark Anthony, Alexander, and various others.

^M Here likewise are preserved the mechanical instruments of the late Ferguson, with which he so clearly explained his instructive lectures. Among these are interspersed many specimens of natural history, and instruments of the arts of rude nations; and likewise the following models in cork by Dubourg:

Temple of Fortune in Rome.

Sybil's Temple near Tivoli.

Triumphal Arch of Titus in Rome.

Virgil's Tomb at Pausilipo near Naples.

Sepulchre of Plautius near Tivoli.

Sepulchre of the Scipio family.

Sepulchre of the Horatii and Curiatii in Rome.

Temple of Health in Rome.

^N The Apiary is situated near the temple. It consists of sixty-four hives, each of which is distinguished by the name of some kingdom or independent nation, beginning with the north of Europe, and including in the same manner Asia, Africa, and America; so that a kind of history of the world is exhibited in the habitations of the industrious bee.

^O Shakespeare's Walk leads from a canal about two hundred feet long, skirted with cedars of Libanus, pines, and shrubs. At one end of the canal is a reeded shed, supported by the trunks of oaks, similar to those of the temple: at the opposite extremity a small stream of water falls into the canal through a vase, on which leans a naiad, in ornamental stone. The original well, which forms this sheet of water, gives the name of Camberwell to the village so called.

At the lower end of the walk is a statue of Shakespeare, under a thatched shed, supported by the trunks of eight oak trees, bearing festoons of the foliage of climbing shrubs; and facing the statue is a small pond, well stored with fish.

^P A continuation of Shakespeare's Walk leads to the Cottage and Fountain. The former is supported by the trunks of eighteen oaks, entwined with climbing evergreens, in the manner of the Sybil's Temple. Within this range of oak columns is the sitting room, which, in consequence of its less dimensions, admits of a walk between it and the oaken

colonnade: on each side of the entrance are two griffins, the supporters of the City arms, which were removed hither when the Guildhall of London was new-fronted in the year 1790. Over the cottage door is a beautiful sculptured tablet, representing *Acis and Galatea*, in alto relievo.

Fronting the cottage is a sheet of water, or *RESERVOIR*, supplied by pipes under ground from the canal; the water passing through the centre of a basin of Portland stone, rises in a *FOUNTAIN*, which falling again into this *Reservoir*, preserves it in continual agitation.

^a In allusion to a statue of *Venus rising from the sea*, by *Locatelli*. It is placed in the front of the cottage, and faces the reservoir. The statue of *Flora* is removed into the garden (F).

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ODE TO MITHRA;

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG BY

A CHORUS OF PRIESTS IN THE PERSIAN ARMY

AFTER

THE ENGAGEMENT THAT GAINED CYRUS THE
SOVEREIGNTY OF ASIA.



ODE TO MITHRA.*

PART THE FIRST.

TIME...NOON.

PARENT of LIGHT, whose burning eye
Pours on an hundred realms exhaustless day;
Whether, beneath the polar sky,

They stretch, where Tanais rolls his tardy stream,
Or glow beneath thy fervid tropic ray;
MITHRA, we hail thee our immortal sire!

* MITHRA, in this ode, is to be considered not merely as the Sun, but as the delegated sovereign of the world, according to the system of the ancient Persian mythology.

And, as we gaze on thy diffusive beam,
Drink from thy fountain life, and catch rekindling fire!

Swell loud and deep the choral song,

To MITHRA's praise the notes prolong,

Ye sacred guardians of th' ETERNAL FLAME,

That, pure and bright, from Nature's birth,

Through many a circling century hath glow'd,

Ere first, to warm the barren earth,

His shining chariot clave th' ethereal road:

Aloft your golden censers raise,

And, while a thousand altars blaze,

With shouts the conscious deity proclaim!

Impatient for the breaking dawn,

Ere yet, emerging from the main,

Thy glowing axle pour'd the morn,

Our PERSIANS, spread through many a plain,

With furious shouts demand the war.

Bright on yon mountain's pine-clad height

Beam'd the fair harbinger of day,
And soon we mark'd thy radiant car,

In glory bursting on the sight,
Mount swiftly up the sapphire way!

Instant a thousand trumpets sound,

A thousand chiefs in arms appear,

And high their glittering banners bear;

The harness'd steed responsive neighs,

And, while his footsteps spurn the ground,

His eye-balls burn, his nostrils blaze!

What stranger youths of lofty mien,

Ye PERSIANS, mingle with your valiant train,

Of aspect dauntless but serene,

Whose glittering helms in air sublimely tow'r;

And, on their sullen brows, that breathe disdain,

Contempt of death and stern defiance low'r!

In their flush'd cheeks the mantling blood,

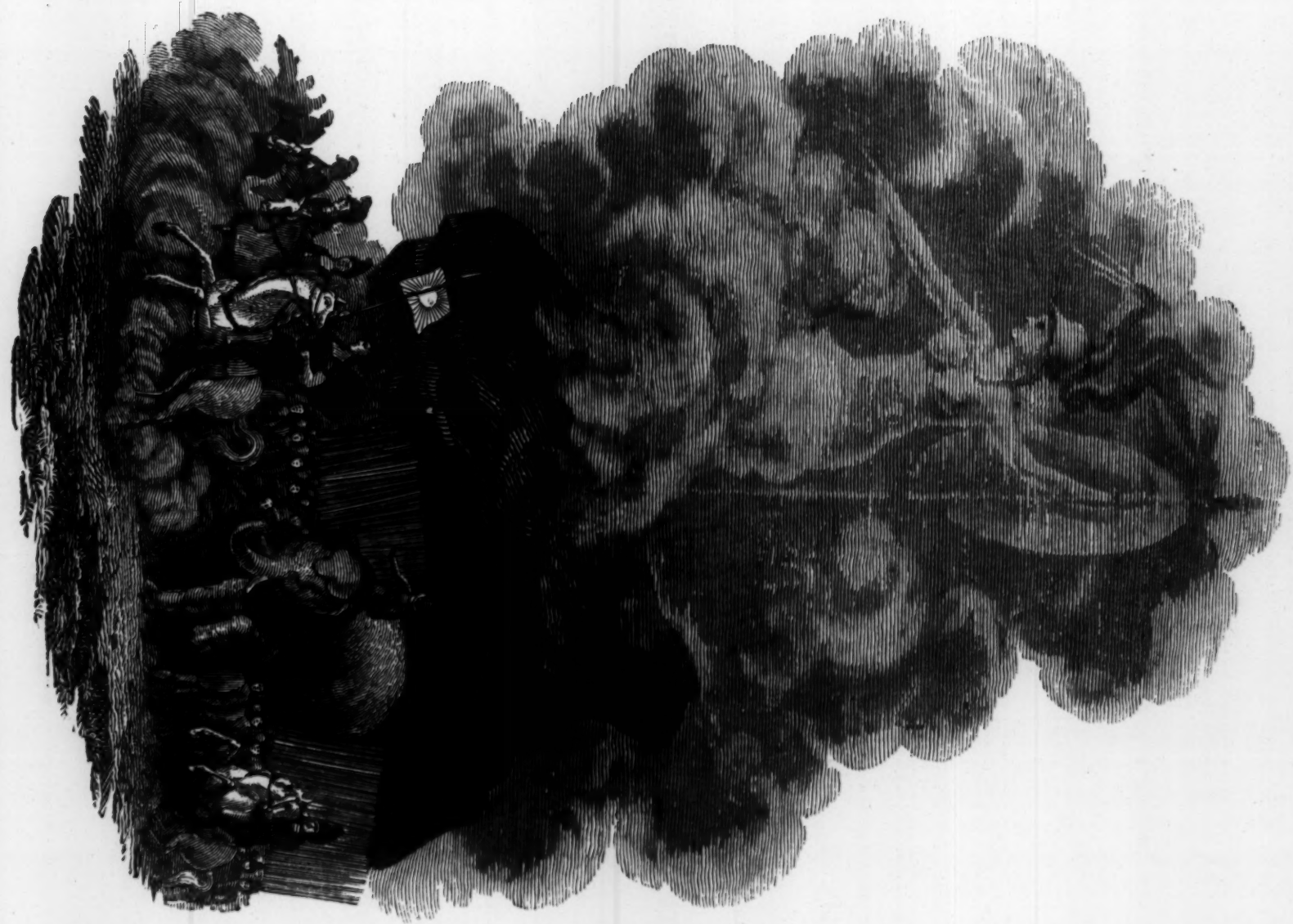
That bounds impatient through each throbbing vein,

Mounts in a richer fuller flood,
Imprinting deep the warrior's scarlet stain!

To virtue and to glory dear,
From Susa's proud imperial tow'rs they come,
The chief to fall on an untimely bier,
His comrades to return with laurels home!

By thee led on to victory,
And, kindling with thy own immortal flame,
To arms with kindred rage they fly,
And half the danger share, and half the fame.

Hark! GLORY, from yon craggy height,
Where cloth'd in glitt'ring adamant she stands,
Summons to war the sons of fight;
And, rolling round the field her eyes of flame,
Fires with heroic rage her favour'd bands!
Bright on her crest the burnish'd dragons glow,
While deeply drinking the eternal beam,
They shed pernicious light, and blast the with'ring foe!



7

Smite, loudly smite, the choral string,
Aloft the golden censer raise;

Let heaven's bright arch with triumph ring,
And earth resound with MITHRA's praise!

O'er Susa's youthful monarch slain,
Awhile prolong the plaint of manly woe;
And, as the deep melodious dirges flow,

With palms eternal deck his honour'd urn!

Now wake, in thunder wake, the loftiest strain:
His faithful bands, sublime in worth and arms,
Feel, through each throbbing pulse, the high alarms,

And with impatient thirst of vengeance burn!
Their ardent war-steeds all restraint disdain,

And bear them o'er the deep-ensanguin'd plain,
On wings of lightning, 'mid th' astonished foe.

O'er prostrate myriads of the vanquish'd throng,
The scythe-arm'd cars impetuous bound along,
And mow through all the field their dreadful way.

Their bows of steel th' unerring archers bend,
 Wide round the shafts of destiny descend;
 And clouds of javelins hide the solar ray!

High on a courser of ethereal fire,
 The noblest steed of that immortal train,
 Cherish'd on fair Nicea's vast champaign,

The god-like youth who vaunts the Sun his sire,
 The sov'reign arbiter of Asia's doom,
 Shakes his bright spear, and waves his sparkling plume.

Wherever fiercest glows the rage of fight,
 Wherever danger's dreadful charms invite,
 Or wounded valour asks the warding shield;
 Thither, through seas of blood, great COSROE rides;
 And, round him, while conflicting hosts engage,
 And Death's dire engines pour their wasteful rage,
 Foremost he thunders through th' embattled field,
 Inflames the war, and all its fury guides.

What frantic shrieks of wild despair
 Come rolling on the burthen'd air!

The war-fiend pours his funeral yell;

While scarce the trumpet's pow'rful breath,

Scarce the loud clarion's ampler swell,

Drown the tumultuous groans of death!

Th' ASSYRIANS fly; in heaps around

Their bravest vet'rans strew the ground!

Shall wanton vengeance stain the brave,

Or rancour burn beyond the grave?

PERSIANS, th' ensanguin'd fight give o'er,

And sheathe your sabres steep'd in gore.

Though Justice wide her falchion wave,

From insult still the brave forbear;

With palms array'd, with conquest crown'd,

The brightest glory's still to spare!

Swell loud and deep the choral song,

To MITHRA's praise the notes prolong,

Ye sacred guardians of th' ETERNAL FLAME,

That, pure and bright, from Nature's birth,

Through rolling centuries hath ceaseless glow'd,

Ere first, to warm the barren earth,

His shining chariot clave th' ethereal road:

Aloft your golden censers raise,

And, while a thousand altars blaze,

With shouts the conscious deity proclaim!

ODE TO MITHRA.*

PART THE SECOND.

TIME...EVENING.

THE brave have sheath'd th' avenging sword:
Our potent song hath burst the secret spell
That seal'd the watchful Magi's mystic cell:
Responsive to our vows to Mithra pour'd,
Where Media's rugged mountains, steep and hoar,
Above the tempest's rage sublimely soar,

* Exhibiting a view of the ancient mysterious rites celebrated in the Mithratic cavern.

What floods of issuing glory stream,

What solemn symphonies float wild in air!

With sacred fires a thousand caverns gleam,

A thousand seers the mystic rites prepare;

And while upon those fires...that round them blaze

In radiant pyramids...entranc'd they gaze;

Their spirits glowing with congenial flame,

The lofty loud-resounding conch they blow,

Around Arabia's richest odours throw,

And rend the rocks with Mithra's mighty name.

Oped, by the mystic pow'r of fire,

To the deep music of the solemn lyre,

Behold yon massy gates of brass expand:

And, through th' illumin'd cavern's vast extent,

The picture of the boundless world present,

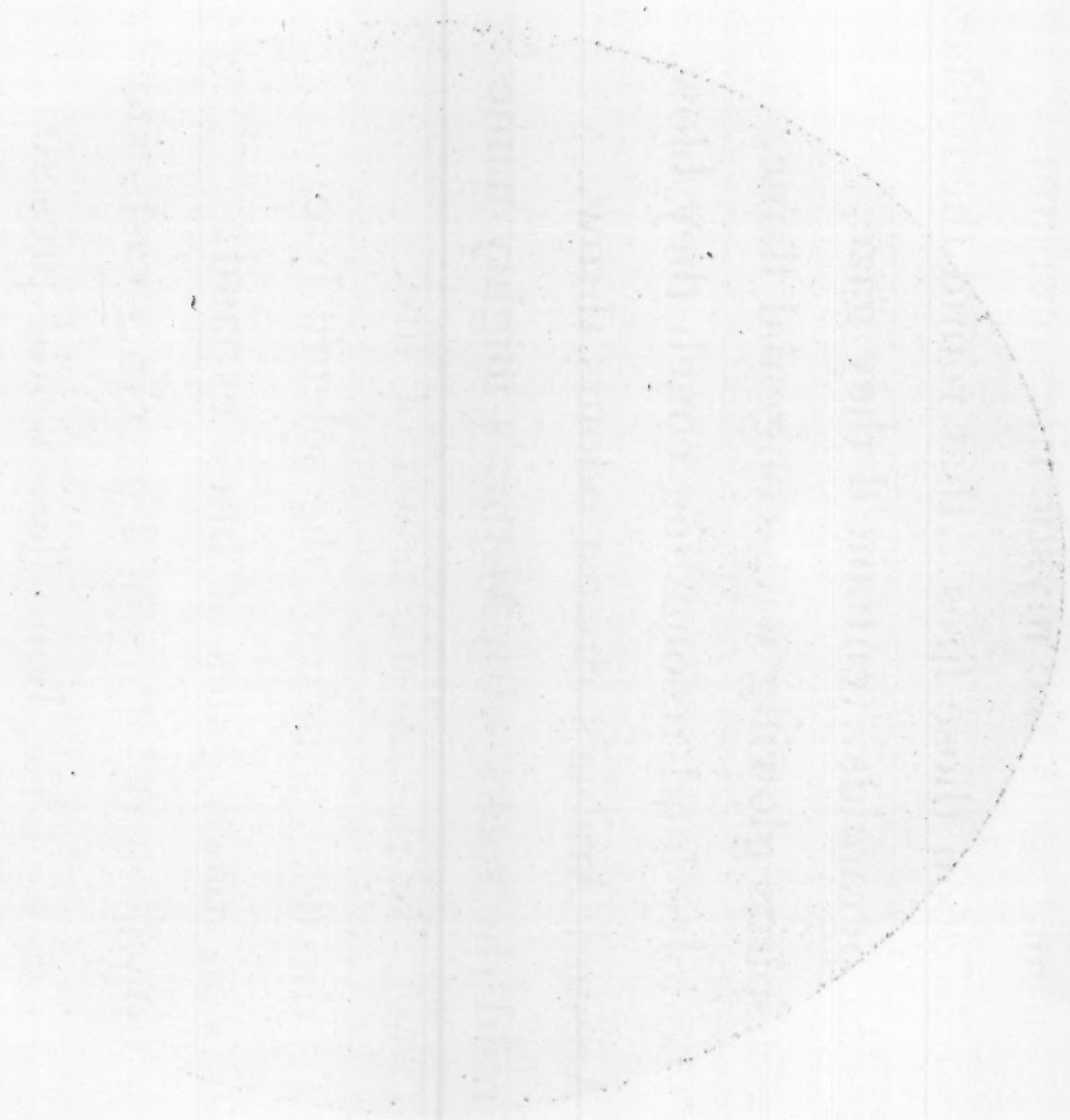
The work of Mithra's demiurgic hand.

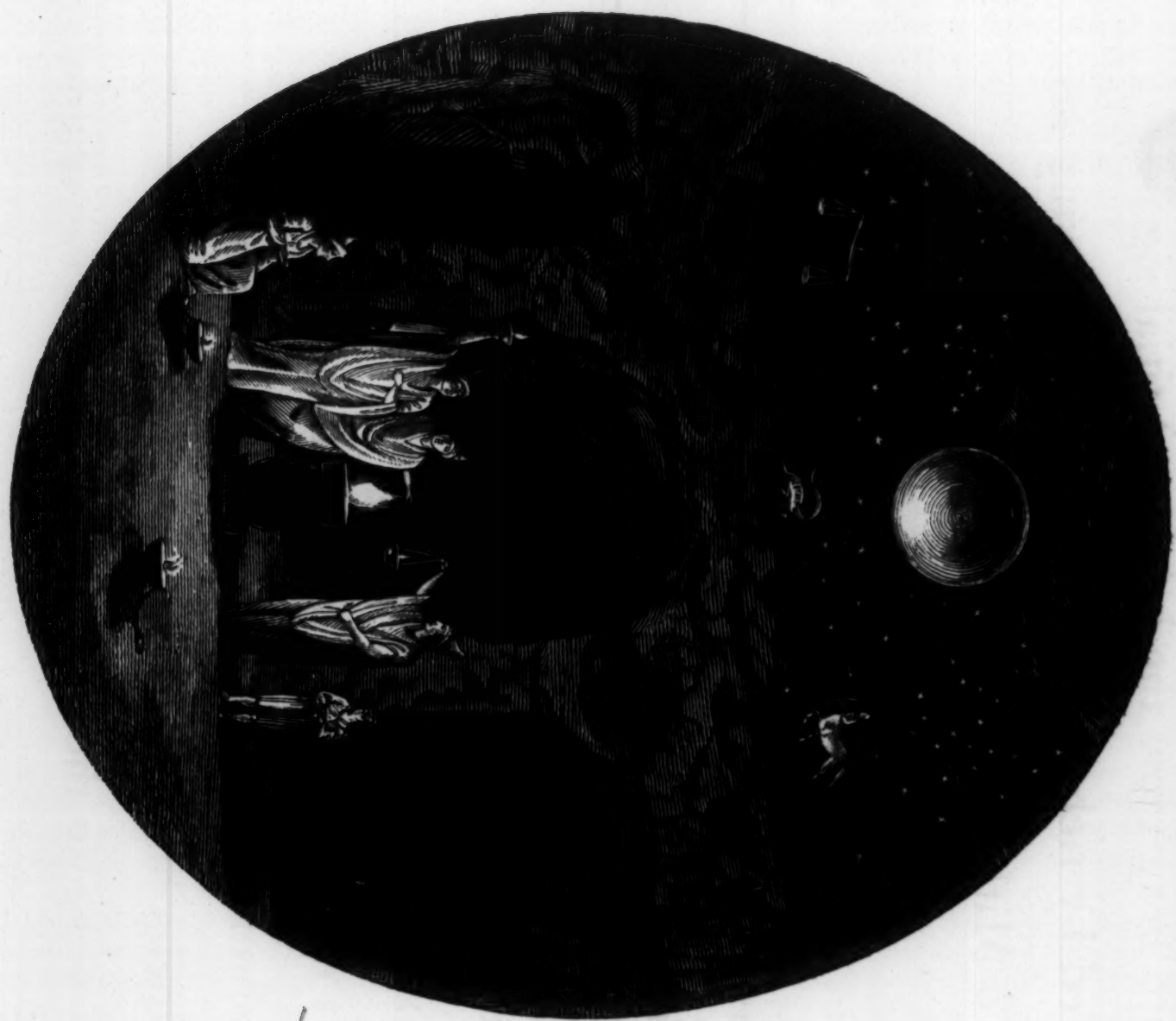
Above, array'd in tints of loveliest blue,

A concave dome, with glitt'ring symbols bright,

And orient gems, that shed a vary'd light,

Pour their full splendours on th' astonish'd view!





Deep on the rock and jasper walls portray'd,
The mighty circle of the zodiac shines.

Here shed the brumal orbs their barren shade,

There fiery glow the bright solstitial signs.

Fed by rich streams from his o'overflowing urn,

To Mithra's praise eternally they burn!

High in the centre, wrought in burnish'd gold,

MITHRA, thy own refulgent orb appears;

And round the vast circumference are roll'd

Attendant planets and revolving spheres.

To mark the wonders of thy plastic pow'r,

That down to earth's profoundest centre darts,

To slumb'ring matter life and form imparts,

And ripens in its bed the glowing ore.....

SCIENCE, by thee the wond'rous process taught,

Those pond'rous spheres of various metals wrought,

Then launch'd within the cavern's vast expanse,

Their radiant rivals in harmonious dance.

Of virgin *silver* form'd, with ray serene,
Shines fair Astarte, night's resplendent queen:

Next Mercury his ardent aspect shews,

As *iron* in the raging furnace glows:

Of ruddy *copper* form'd, the blood-stain'd Mars

On earth's affrighted race terrific glares:

Venus, whom beauty's loveliest smile arrays,

A brilliant vest of sparkling *tin* displays:

Next dazzling Jupiter's enormous mass

Rolls on, a pond'rous globe of burnish'd *brass*:

While *lead*en Saturn's mightier sphere

Through fields of azure wheels his vast career.

The myriad sparkling gems that burn on high,

To rapt Philosophy's bold ken display

The blazing wonders of the starry sky,

That through the vast abyss of space extend,

To other worlds their cheering lustre lend,

And light, through Nature's bounds, eternal day.

Smite, loudly smite, the choral string,

Aloft the golden censer raise;

Let heaven's bright arch with triumph ring,
And earth resound with MITHRA's praise!

The fiery steeds, that whirl along
Day's rapid car, have gain'd the lofty steep,
Where Taurus frowns upon the western deep.

Commence the solemn evening song!.....
Swell the bright pomp of awful sacrifice:

Let darker clouds of incense rise,
In fuller streams the burning naphtha flow,
And all the caves with fires intenser glow!

For, lo! the radiant God, his journey run,
Leaves, for his favour'd grot, the vaulted skies;
And, into yon resplendent mass of gold,

A portion of that mighty spirit pours,
By which the balanc'd orbs through heav'n are roll'd,
And the chain'd oceans lash th' indignant shores.

Bring forth the Horses of the Sun
That, sporting on Nicæa's fertile plain,

When day first breaks on their transported view,
Bound in the blaze, and quaff th' ambrosial dew.

Their lofty port, their eyes that roll in flame,

The bold redundancy of their bushy mane,

The beams of circling glory that invest

Their proudly-rising neck and swelling chest,

The radiant offspring of the skies proclaim.

Nor absent, Mithra, be the stately steer

That opes, with gilded horn, the vernal year:

Nor that proud savage of the Lybian plain,

The fiercest of the Zodiac's glowing train.

Widely, ye priests, bid flow the crimson flood,

And drench yon altars with their noble blood.

The deeper mysteries prepare.....

To the pale Candidate's astonish'd eyes!

In all thy dreadful charms, great Nature, rise;

With fearful prodigies appal his soul;

Around him let terrific lightnings glare,

And the loud thunders of the tropic roll.

While winds impetuous rush, and waves resound,
And rending earthquakes rock the lab'ring ground.
Through the deep windings of the mystic cave,

While midnight darkness hovers o'er,
Let the blind wretch his toilsome way explore:

Now plunge him headlong in the polar snow;
Whelm him in Capricorn's solstitial wave,
Round him let Cancer's burning deluge flow.

Through all the elements that wrap the globe,
The soul that dares to heav'nly birth aspire,
Must strenuous toil...earth, ocean, air, and fire;

Then, purg'd of all the sordid dross below,
The daring spirit shall with angels glow,
And change its earthly, for a heav'nly, robe.

Yon mighty LADDER, let his feet ascend,
With sapphires studded and refulgent gold;

To heaven's high arch its lofty steps extend,
And sev'n bright gates their radiant valves unfold.

Of various metals wrought, those portals gleam:
And, through yon orbs, the soul's migration shew;

Now spotless shining in the solar stream,
Now darkly toiling in the spheres below.

Where'er he wanders let his lips prolong,
To him who rolls the spheres, th' exulting song!

Borne on the radiant Eagle of the sphere,
Now let him urge aloft his bold career.

All the bright wonders of that sphere display,
And bathe him in the blazing fount of day.

Strike up the dreadful symphonies sublime,
That oft, when yon pale orb hath reach'd its height,
Mid the dead silence of incumbent night,

On Caucasus, the musing seer astound,
Bursting from all the spacious skies around.

But chief, thou mighty consecrated Lyre!

That, in the glitt'ring arch of heaven set high,
Flam'st forth the richest jewel of the sky!.....

Immortal Harp, that, at the birth of time,

Sangst, in sweet union, to the angelic quire,
Who hail'd with shouts the Great Creative Sire;

Exalt thy deep, thy diapasan, swell!

While in bright order, through the blue expanse

To the wild warbling of that mystic shell,

Their nightly round the beauteous Pleiads dance:

And all the sacred animals that shine

Through yon vast vault in awful concert join.

To Mithra's praise the pealing anthems rise,

And one triumphant chorus fills the skies.

Bid Egypt's swarthy tribes rejoice!

The dog Anubis, from whose flaming mouth

Streams the dire pestilence that blasts the south,

High in the heavens exalts his warning voice:

Proclaims the mighty Sothic year's return,

And bids the Nile unlock his golden urn.

Loud, through the caverns of the mystic cell,

Howls the dire Wolf;* the boding Ravens scream,
And Finny Monsters lash the briny stream:

Mark the bright Serpent his vast length unfold,
And proudly swell in undulating gold;

Hissing responsive to the direful yell

Of the fell Dragon, nightly issuing forth
From the dark chambers of the frozen north.

From the Bull's ardent Eye what splendours dart;
How brilliant glows the Lion's mighty Heart.

Wide o'er cerulean fields of lucid light

Orion's Belt and gleaming Falchion blaze;

And, flaming on the raven brow of night,

The Northern Crown beams forth unrivall'd rays.

Along the pictur'd walls, with skill design'd,

The Dogs the panting Hare unwearied chase:

Here, fiery Pegasus, with rapid bound,

In his fleet starry course outstrips the wind,

* The sacred animals designated on the sphere were, in the mysteries of Mithra, represented by priests clothed in their skins, or adorned with their plumage, hence called Leontes, Corvi, &c. &c. &c. See the illustrations at the end.

Impetuous straining through the wilds of space:

There, toiling o'er the dreary Arctic round,

Slowly the cumb'rous Wains are seen to roll;

And, with their gleaming axles, light the frozen pole.

But e'en the distant Wains his pow'r obey,

MITHA, who form'd the night, and rules the day.

Now having rang'd creation's vast extent,

From all its base terrestrial dross refin'd,

Let the glad Candidate's unclouded mind,

New-fledg'd and vigorous, take its rapid flight

Beyond the bounds of yon blue firmament,

To the pure mansion of the Source of light:

There drink th' effulgence of the Godhead's ray,

And bound and revel in eternal day.

But, lo! on high the beauteous day-star glows!

Orion's setting beam proclaims the dawn;

The fires faint glimm'ring bid the myst'ries close:

And mark the radiant Power that pours the morn,

Prepares to leave his lofty golden sphere,
And renovate through heav'n his bright career.

But, ere he quit the mystic cell,
Ere the last glimmer of the sacred fire
On the bright vase's hallow'd verge expire,

In one vast peal the solemn anthems swell;
Strike, louder, bolder, strike, the choral string,
Aloft, ye priests, your golden censers raise;

Let heaven's bright arch with thund'ring pæans ring,
And earth's wide bounds resound with MITHRA's praise.

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

THE ODE TO MITHRA.

THE first part of this Ode originally formed one of the choruses in a tragedy, or rather a dramatic poem, founded on the affecting story of ABRADATES and PANTHEA, related in the sixth book of Xenophon's *Cyropædia*, and was shewed up as a school exercise when the author was a pupil of Dr. Parr. The second part was added after that portion of the *Indian Antiquities* was written which describes the MYTHRIAC MYSTERIES, some extracts from which are added below by way of elucidation, for the benefit of those who may not be in possession of that work.

Page 49, line 11. *What stranger youths, &c.*] The story as told by Xenophon is, in substance, as follows. Abradates was prince of Susa under the Babylonians, but had revolted with a considerable body of cavalry to Cyrus, in consequence of his generous and obliging treatment of Panthea, his newly married princess, one of the most beautiful women of her age. At the battle near Sardis, which decided the fate of Asia, Abradates commanded the scythe-armed chariots, and, ardent to display at once his valour and gratitude to Cyrus, at the head of his determined band of Susan warriors rushed on the foe with an enthusiasm that instantly cost him his life. The

distracted princess, when she heard of his death, slew herself on his dead body, and Cyrus honoured the affectionate pair with a magnificent funeral, and a monument of great cost. Xenophon's *Cyropæd.* lib. 6, page 179.

Page 52, line 13. *Great Cosroe rides.*] CAI COSROE, or KHOSRU, is the Persian name of the great Cyrus. The second, or Caianian dynasty, is so called from the prefix CAI, which signifies *a great king*. See Sir William Jones's *Short Hist. of Persia*, page 47.

Page 56, line 15. *The picture of the boundless world.*] THE GENIUS OF ANTIQUITY delighted in MYSTERY. Dark and secret as were the subterraneous vaults and woody recesses, in which the sages of the East took up their residence, were the doctrines there promulgated. Their theology was veiled in allegory and hieroglyphics; their philosophy was involved in a circle of symbols. All the sublime wisdom of Asia, however, was concentrated and displayed in the CAVE OF MITRA, which, according to Porphyry, represented THE WORLD, and contained expressive emblems of the various elements of nature. That learned philosopher acquaints us, that, according to Eubulus, Zoroaster, first of all, among the *neighbouring mountains of Persia*, consecrated a natural cell, adorned with flowers and watered with fountains, in honour of MITRA, the father of the universe. For, he thought a cavern an emblem of the world, fabricated by MITRA; and, in this cave, were many geographical and astronomical symbols, arranged in the most perfect symmetry, and placed at certain distances, which shadowed out the elements and climates of the world.*

Page 57, line 7. *High in the center.*] The passage cited above from Porphyry, relative to the original purpose to which the MITRATIC CAVES were applied, is strongly corroborated by a passage in CELSUS, quoted by

* *Indian Antiquities*, Vol. II, p. 239.

Origen, where that learned writer informs us, that, in the rites of MITHRA, the Persians represented by symbols the twofold motion of the stars, the fixed and the planetary, and the passage of the soul through them. By way of illustrating this doctrine of the sidereal metempsychosis, they erected in their caves a high ladder, on the ascent of which were seven different portals, or gates, as they were astronomically termed, with as many spheres suspended above as accorded with the number of the planets. The first gate was of *lead*, which was intended to mark the slow motion of the planet SATURN; the second gate was composed of *tin*, by which they shadowed out the brilliancy and softness of VENUS; the third gate was of *brass*, which they imagined a just emblem of the solidity and durability of JUPITER; the fourth gate was of *iron*, by which MERCURY was typified, because he is suited, like iron, to all sorts of labours, whence profit may be derived; the fifth gate consisted of a *mixed mass*, of which the heterogeneous composition, variability, and irregularity, rendered it the fit emblem of MARS; the sixth gate was of *silver*, exhibiting an apt similitude of the mild radiance of the silver empress of THE NIGHT; and the *seventh* was of *gold*, a proper emblem of the SUN, the one being the king of metals, and the other being the sovereign of the sky.*

Page 59, line 6. *Commence the solemn evening song.*] When the brilliant object of their veneration, the SUN, was externally lost to their view, the Magi descended with the *shades of evening* into their stony recesses, and *there* renewed (before objects emblematical of his apparent figure, power, and properties) their fervent adoration. THE ORB OF RADIATED GOLD, THE BRIGHT SPIRAL FLAME, ascending from the ever-glowing altar, impressed their inmost souls with an awful sense of the present Deity. The planetary train was represented by images equally emblematical of their supposed form and influence, and the signs of the zodiac blazed in imitative gold round the embossed and vaulted roof.

* Ibid. p. 177.

Imagination cannot avoid kindling at the scene, and it is difficult to refrain from rushing into the enthusiasm of poetry, while we take a review of the splendour and magnificence of this ancient species of devotion. All the caverns might truly be called *Pyraeia*, or sanctuaries that cherished the eternal flame. The whole circumference of the rock was illumined, and the mountain burned with fire! Throughout all the deep recesses of its caverns, for ever reverberated the echoes of the hallowed *conque* of SACRIFICE; THE SACRED BELL of religion incessantly rang. The secret gloom of those majestic forests, that surrounded the rock, perpetually resounded with the MYSTIC SONG of prayer and thanksgiving. One order of priests, arrayed in vestments of WOVEN BARK, and having on their heads those pyramidal caps, which equally distinguished the Indian and the Egyptian priests, and which are at this day worn by the latter, attended to watch the never-dying flame, and invigorated it by the frequent injection of precious gums and aromatic woods. Another order of priests was employed in preparing the various sacrifices. Some were occupied in instructing the younger Brahmins in the profound arcana of those more abstruse sciences, of which the numerous emblems on every side so conspicuously attracted the attention; while others again were initiating them into the mysterious rites of that religion, of which the principal deities were sculptured on the walls of their caverns.

Page 59, line 18. *That sporting on Nisea's fertile plain.*] The rich and extensive plains of Nisea, in which the breed of strong, fleet, and beautiful white horses, sacred to the Sun, and only used in grand festivities by the Persian monarchs, formed a part of ancient Media; and were travelled over by the great and enlightened traveller Chardin, when in the east. These horses were not only employed in the pomp of processions, but on magnificent solemnities were *sacrificed*, though I know the fact has been doubted. I have already investigated the disputed fact in the Indian Antiquities, and the result will be found in the subjoined passage.

THE ASWAMEDHA YUG, or horse-sacrifice, the Indians, probably, derived from the Persians, among whom, according to the whole stream of classic antiquity, the *horse* was in a peculiar manner sacred to the sun. In their pompous sacrifices to that deity, a radiant car, glittering with gold and diamonds, and drawn by *white horses*, in imitation of those ethereal coursers, which they imagined rapidly conveyed the orb of day in its progress through the expanse of heaven, constantly formed a part of the procession. It was preceded by a train of led horses, sumptuously arrayed, and of uncommon beauty and magnitude, who were the destined victims of that splendid superstition. The Massagetæ, too, that warlike race, who, according to Strabo, opposed the arms of the great Cyrus, adored the sun, and sacrificed horses to that deity. Horses, however, were not only sacrificed to the sun in the ancient æras of the Persian empire; for, the Persians (who, according to the more authentic representation of Dr. Hyde, venerated all the elements of nature) paid likewise a religious homage to water: and Herodotus tells us, that, on the arrival of the army at the Strymon, the Magi sacrificed nine *white horses* to that river, into which they threw them, with a quantity of rich aromatics.*

Page 60, line 14. *The deeper mysteries prepare.*] The annexed description of initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries will give the reader some faint idea of the Persian and Indian mysteries, of which the former were probably the copy.

Nothing can be conceived more solemn than the rites of initiation into the greater mysteries, as described by Apuleius and Dion Chrysostome, who had both gone through the awful ceremony: nothing more tremendous and appalling than the scenery exhibited before the eyes of the terrified *aspirant*. After entering the grand vestibule of the mystic shrine, he was led by the hierophant, amidst surrounding darkness and incumbent horrors, through

* Indian Antiquities, Vol. II, p. 52.

all those extended ailes, winding avenues, and gloomy adyta, mentioned above as equally belonging to the mystic temples of Egypt, Eleusis, and India. I have asserted before, that the Metempsychosis was one of the leading *principia* taught in those temples, and this first stage was intended to represent the toilsome wanderings of the benighted soul through the mazes of vice and error before initiation; or, in the words of an ancient writer quoted by Warburton from Stobæus: "It was a rude and fearful march through night and darkness." Presently the ground began to rock beneath his feet, the whole temple trembled, and strange and dreadful voices were heard through the midnight silence. To these succeeded other louder and more terrific noises, resembling thunder; while quick and vivid flashes of lightning darted through the cavern, displaying to his view many ghastly sights and hideous spectres, emblematical of the various vices, diseases, infirmities, and calamities, incident in that state of terrestrial bondage from which his struggling soul was now going to emerge, as well as of the horrors and penal torments of the guilty in a future state. At this period, all the pageants of vulgar idolatry, all the train of gods, supernatural and infernal, passed in awful succession before him, and a hymn, called the *Theology of Idols*, recounting the genealogy and functions of each, was sung: afterwards, the whole fabulous detail was solemnly recanted by the mystagogue; a divine hymn in honour of ETERNAL AND IMMUTABLE TRUTH was chanted, and the profounder mysteries commenced. "And now, arrived on the verge of *death* and *initiation*, every thing wears a dreadful aspect; it is all horror, trembling, and astonishment." An icy chilliness seizes his limbs; a copious dew, like the damp of real death, bathes his temples; he staggers, and his faculties begin to fail; when the scene is of a sudden changed, and the doors of the interior and splendidly-illuminated temple are thrown wide open. A "miraculous and divine light discloses itself: and shining plains and flowery meadows open on all hands before him." *Accessi confinium mortis*, says Apuleius, *et calcato Proserpine limine, per omnia vectus elementa remeavi; nocte medio vidi*

solem candido coruscantem lumine:—Arrived at the bourn of mortality, after having trod the gloomy threshold of Proserpine, I passed rapidly through all the surrounding elements; and, at deep midnight, beheld the sun shining in meridian splendour. The clouds of mental error, and the shades of real darkness being now alike dissipated, both the soul and the body of the initiated experienced a delightful vicissitude; and, while the latter, purified with lustrations, bounded in a blaze of glory, the former dissolved in a tide of overwhelming transport.*

Page 63, line 11. *Bid Egypt's swarthy tribes rejoice.*] All ancient writers unite in asserting that the Mithriac mysteries were of an awful and terrifying nature. They seem to have thought them too horrible even to be revealed, and have therefore left us totally in the dark as to the greater part of the punishments endured during initiation. These punishments some of them affirm to be of eighty different kinds; others reduce them to twenty-four in number. From the severity of those which are known to posterity, we may form some judgment of the others, the history of which is lost in the abyss of near two thousand years.

A drawn sword, if Tertullian may be credited, opposed the candidate at his very entrance into the cavern, from which, in the virtuous obstinacy of perseverance, he received more than one wound. The inflexibility and firmness of his character being thus tried, and steel itself in vain opposed to him, he was admitted through the North gate, or that of Cancer, where a fire, fiercely glowing with the solstitial blaze, scared, but could not terrify or retard, the determined aspirant. He was compelled to pass through this flame repeatedly, and was thence hurried to the Southern gate, or that of Capricorn, where the solstitial floods awaited him. Into these floods his exhausted frame was instantly plunged, and he was obliged to swim in them, and combat with the waves, till life was at the last gasp. The

* Indian Antiquities, Vol. II, p. 312.

dreadful rite of purification was not yet over: he was now doomed to undergo a rigid fast, which, according to Nicætas, lasted fifty days; but this we must presume to be exaggerated, since no human creature can exist fifty hours without taking sustenance. We can only reconcile it to reason, by supposing the time much shorter, or an allowance of some scanty food, barely sufficient to support agonizing nature. During this rigid fast he was exposed to the horrors of a dreary desert, remote from human assistance, and shut out from human compassion. After this, according to the same author, the candidates were cruelly beaten with rods for two whole days; and, during the last twenty days of their trial, were buried up to the neck in snow.

If nature sunk not, as she frequently did, under all this dreadful accumulation of sufferings, the honours of initiation were conferred upon the candidate; and, first, a golden serpent was placed in his bosom, as an emblem of his being regenerated and made a disciple of Mithra. For this animal, renewing its vigour in the spring of every year, by casting its skin, was not only considered as an apt symbol of renovated and revirescent virtue, but of the sun himself, whose genial heat is annually renewed when he re-visits the vernal signs; at that period, when, as I have elsewhere expressed myself of Mithra opening the year in Taurus,

Bursting the gloom of winter's drear domain,
The radiant youth resumes his vernal reign;
With sinewy arms reluctant Taurus tames,
Beams with new grace, and darts severer flames.

The candidate was next adorned with a mystic zone, or belt, which was the circle of the zodiac, and had the zodiacal figures engraved upon it. Upon his head was placed the Persian tiara, or high Phrygian bonnet, terminating pyramidically, as we see it on all the statues of Mithra. This cap was symbolical of the beam of the sun, and it was worn by the priests of Egypt, as well as by those of Persia; it is conspicuous on the heads of the antique

figures, engraved on the large plate of the temple of Luxore, in the third volume of Indian Antiquities.

The high priest of Mithra wore a linen tiara, or mitre, of great magnitude, and rolled round several times, in imitation of the convolutions of the orbs. Possibly the name of *mitre* may be primarily derived from this high conical cap worn in the rites of Mithra, which was also covered with rays, and painted with various devices. It is to these caps that the prophet Ezekiel, cited in the first chapter, alludes when he ridicules the ornaments that decorated the gods of the Sabian idolaters, which he calls, *the images of the Chaldeans portrayed upon the walls with vermillion, girded with girdles upon their loins, and exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads.* The brahmins and their deities, to this day, wear the mystic belt, or girdle; and it has been before observed, from ancient travellers, that they formerly wore a cap or turban, of white muslin, folded round the head in such a manner, as that the extremities of the folds exhibited to the spectator the appearance of the two horns of a cow, that is, of the moon in her increase. This fashion of folding the sash that girds the head is not now I believe in use, at least in general use, in India; and perhaps never flourished, but among the higher orders of the priests. Its existence there, however, in ancient periods still farther proves the similarity of the astronomical mythology of these two nations.

The novice was now invested with the *candys*, or large loose tunic, which, on every ancient picture of Mithra, is represented floating widely in the air from the shoulders of the god, while his rapid wings waft him impetuously through the expanse of heaven. This tunic or mantle was the most beautiful and splendid pageant in the world; having a purple ground, and being studded all over with innumerable stars, the constellations of both hemispheres, like the robe worn by *Isis Omnia*, and engraved in the first volume of the Indian History, after the description of that goddess, as beheld in the pomp of her paraphernalia, by Apuleius, who had himself been initiated in the mysteries of Eleusis. He had likewise the

pastoral staff, or crosier, similar to that of the brahmins, put into his hand, being allusive to the immediate influence of the sun in the affairs of agriculture.

Thus invested and decorated with all the symbols of the power and operations of his god, he was prepared for those greater and more tremendous mysteries, of which no authentic relation hath reached posterity, but in which both bulls and men are supposed to have been sacrificed, and in which real lions, whence the mysteries were called *leontica*, and other animals, whose figures covered the walls of the temple, are thought to have been introduced. The ill-omened raven screamed aloud its funeral note; the dreadful barkings of the dog Sirius reverberated through the cavern, *visæque canes ululare per umbras*; the hissings of envenomed serpents, that is, the Draco and Serpentarius of the sphere, filled with terror the trembling audience; for there, if ever, in that sidereal metempsychosis, or passage of the soul among the stars to its final abode, the MOKT of the brahmins, *angues Triptolemi stridebant*; and there, if ever, were heard those dreadful thunderings and lightnings, the conflict of elements and war-ring clouds, which Mithra at his will could congregate or dissipate, and which the poet Claudian professedly alludes to as forming a part of the Eleusinian mysteries; mysteries of which Warburton ought to have known, that those of Mithra were the prototype, because the Persians were a more ancient nation than the Greeks.*

* Indian Antiquities, Vol. V. p. 235.

THE END.



